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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

OWEN WISTER'S BORGIAN WORK

WHAT ails Owen Wister that he should so debase his literary talents by perpetrating a sonnet inveighing in bitter terms against the President? It is reminiscent of the days when the English pamphleteers were wont to vent their political spleen on those in authority by indulging in scurrilous epithets. Wister addresses his lines to Woodrow Wilson and after declaring that he has no words in his vocabulary fit to describe the President of the United States—"You've wormed yourself beyond description's reach"—he proceeds to state that while history has flayed the names of "public cowards, hypocrites, and poltroons," because of his casing of self-esteem the chief magistrate of the nation goes immune. This delectable tribute to the executive closes by expressing the sentiment that if the fathers of the land were in control, "Dead Washington would wake and blast your soul." It is a most intemperate and unwarranted ebullition. Just what has caused this Wisterian fermentation is not apparent to the masses. Certainly, no public act of the President has invited language so baleful, so vinegarish. Owen Wister won many friends with his "Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore," but they will have to strike him off their visiting list unless he publicly apologizes for this flagrant breach of the proprieties. We had always supposed that Mr. Wister was a good sportsman. His contemptible attack on a man whose chief offense lies in trying to do his whole duty by the entire nation is remindful of the work of one of those Borgian assassins of the fifteenth century whose knife thrusts were the more effective because of the expertness of the wielder.

TRYING TO EVADE A GRAVE ISSUE

SYMPATHY of the country is largely with the President in his efforts to compel congress to show its hand in regard to the anti sink-on-sight policy of the administration. Mr. Wilson is eminently right in refusing to go ahead with his program of protest until he knows precisely what to expect from the legislative branch of government. That the senate will support the executive is conceded; it is in the house that the friction exists. In that popular body, however, there is good evidence that the majority is ready to indorse Mr. Wilson's views, once the question is put to a vote; the real opposition lies with the leaders who are striving to avoid going on record and who are bent on frustrating the expressed wishes of the President. However, with the peremptory refusal of the executive of all offers to compromise the matter the obstructionists will be compelled to abate their attitude and permit a vote, impelled thereto by the threat of the President to lay the whole case before the country. It is highly important that the Central Powers should know that the executive has congress behind him in any positive step he may take. His position is that Germany must observe the requirements of international law on the high seas and that the threatened deviation from that course, if persisted in, will be followed by abrupt severance of diplomatic relations. But before the President goes to this length it is obviously necessary to know that congress is prepared to stand by him in order properly to impress the tentative outlaw belligerents with the true gravity of the situation. It is not unlikely that Berlin will be inclined to yield to reason when it is found that this country is unreservedly in sympathy with its chief magistrate. Meanwhile, time is an essence, for at any moment the news may be flashed that an indiscreet submarine commander has been too precipitate and sent a merchant vessel, armed for defense

only, to Davy Jones' locker, with its living freight, including, possibly, American citizens. Then, truly, the fat will be in the fire. It is significant that the President is receiving the support of many leading Republicans in his contentions, thus demonstrating that in times of great stress, affecting the welfare of the nation as a whole, party lines are obliterated.

WORLD OF LETTERS THE POORER

HAD the late Henry James retained his American citizenship, instead of relinquishing it to become a British subject, this week his native country would be mourning the death of its foremost literary exponent, both as critic and novelist. But the literary world is universal; it is as a citizen of the republic of letters that the author of "The Ambassador" must be regarded and as such his passing will be a matter of genuine regret to the reading public of all English speaking countries. While "Roderick Hudson" was his first book (1875) it was the delightful "Daisy Miller" (1878) that first won him wide audiences. Not that Henry James ever attained to popularity, in the modern meaning of the term, but among worth-while readers he has ever since enjoyed a distinguished following. It was in the eighties that he reached, if not perihelion, at least, a commanding position in the literary horizon with his notable "Portrait of a Lady"—a trifle prolix though it was, "The Bostonians," "The Princess of Casamassima," a study of English society; and "The Tragic Muse," to mention his chief works of that decade. In the nineties stands out his "What Maisie Knew," a pitiless analysis of the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate child. But as his mind matured the art of Mr. James became subtler until in "The Ambassadors" even his warmest adherents chafed at the allusiveness of the narrative although fully realizing the brilliance of the performance. It is in his analytical treatment of character and incident that Henry James has proved so superior. He is relentless in his strong situations, his methods, at times, especially in his later years, reaching a degree of refinement of irritable tenacity. Not a writer of dramatic power, as was Meredith, but one of great delicacy of touch and with a perfect literary finish his work, particularly in his critical studies, notably "French Poets and Novelists," fascinates by its sympathetic insight. He was an accomplished French scholar and enjoyed the high regard of French critics. It was only natural that, last year, Henry James, in order to show his sympathy with the allied cause, should take the oath of allegiance to the crown. He had lived and worked in England for more than forty-five years and all his feelings were pro-English. Yet America is justified in honoring him as a distinguished son of her soil and should his remains be given sepulture in Westminster Abbey it will make of that noble pile only a richer mecca for his countrymen than they have hitherto regarded the British pantheon.

GORDIAN KNOT FOR PEOPLE TO CUT

ONE trouble with the attempt to "stir" the Republicans in this section of the state "as they have never been stirred before" is that the rank-and-file voters are not especially enthusiastic for any ticket that receives the official O. K. of the reactionary Times. They have an intuition that the controlling spirit of that paper would rather go down to defeat with a candidate or set of candidates he could "handle" than win with material that owed him no allegiance and would submit to no dictation from him. With this sentiment regnant the guess is strong that the twenty-six delegates named at San Francisco last Saturday will be far likelier to receive the majority support of the people than the list to be offered this Saturday by the "Republican statewide conference" at the northern metropolis. It is morally certain that as between the reactionary element in the state and the independents the latter will triumph. The registration clearly indicates such an outcome. If present counsel prevails at today's conference a delegate ticket will be chosen for submission to the people composed of non-negotiable Republicans, i.e., uncompromisingly reactionary. It will be pitted against the so-called Johnson-Earl selections (Guy C. Earl, not Edwin) and in all probability will be defeated at the primaries. We base this prediction

on the spirit evidenced by the reactionary press, of which the Los Angeles Times is typical, that will concede nothing to the protesting wing; that persistently misrepresents the independent attitude and attributes the efforts of men of anti-reactionary proclivities to lift the party out of a rut and out of the hands of the "mossback" element to false motives. Study of the list chosen last Saturday to act as delegates to the Chicago national convention, subject to the indorsement of the people, serves to reassure the discerning. It is a representative selection in the main, although it might have been strengthened by the admission of a half dozen names of those affiliated with the radical wing of the Republican party, yet of hopeful stripe. The fact that the executive committee of the progressive element is willing to substitute the names of Messrs. F. V. Keesling, W. H. Crocker, A. E. Boynton and Albert Castle in place of four already selected reveals a commendable spirit, but apparently it is to be rejected with contumely by the reactionary conference, if the recommendation of the special committee is a criterion of action. It is a curious situation. The Republican "regulars" are averse to yielding in any particular; the independents are equally determined not to let the so-called "old guard" choose the delegation. And yet there is no doubt that both factions would like to get together. But as Captain Fredericks has stated, personal antipathy to the respective leaders stands in the way. In this vexed situation there is nothing to do but submit the opposing lists to the people and let them cut the Gordian knot. In any event California's delegation will not determine the candidate to be selected at the Chicago convention.

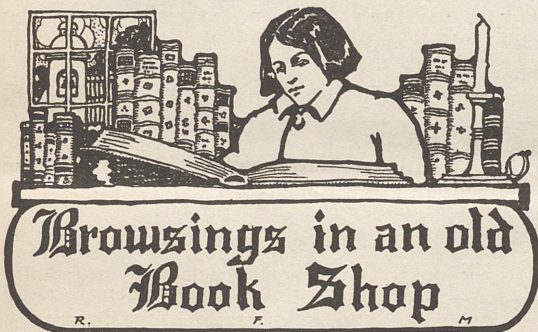
TRIBUTE TO A FINE CHARACTER

WAS it Dean Swift who said it was better to wear out than to rust out? No matter; the aphorism holds good whoever shaped the pithy sentence. John M. Eshleman, evidently, believed in the formula. He knew that if he kept away from the fray, the thick of the fight and resigned himself to a life of easy bread-winning he might evade the physical handicaps that possessed his frame and, possibly, arrive at the biblical allotment of three score and ten. But that would have been to hide his talents in the sand, to have proved as worthless as the man in the parable who made no effort to utilize his one great gift. There was nothing slothful about the late lieutenant-governor. He was warned by his intimates of the menace to one of his physical weaknesses if he engaged vigorously in the wearing game of politics. To him, however, it was not a game but a duty to be grasped and he bravely sacrificed himself for the good of the state. Unquestionably, John Eshleman might be alive today had he heeded the advice of his close friends to avoid identifying himself with harassing state and civic affairs. In the Imperial valley, whither he went to benefit by the dry climate, he enjoyed a good law practice and had he remained aloof from the more trying demands upon his strength all might have been well with him for many years. But there was work waiting for him in a larger sphere and he was no shirker. When the call came he did not flinch. He left the valley and for five years gave his talents to the commonwealth. The efficiency of the work of the state railroad commission is largely due to his untiring efforts, his genius for organization. The big corporations, through his endeavors, owe him much, for they were able to get justice, to avoid being victimized by grafting officials, without going into politics. The reputation enjoyed by the commission is John Eshleman's best monument. It is the present executive's tower of strength not only with the people but with the big interests, for a greater blessing to the commercial life of California is hardly conceivable. John Eshleman, then, did not sacrifice his life in vain. The state owes him guerdon for his singleness of purpose and whether one is affiliated with either of the political parties antagonistic to the Progressives, tribute to his personal attributes is due. It is a narrow-minded person—or newspaper—that withholds gracious acknowledgments from the late state official to whom death came so swiftly and tragically at Indio a few days ago. What of his successor? That the governor has the appointing power is conceded. Inasmuch as Mr. Eshleman was from Southern Cali-

fornia and the chief executive hails from the northern part of the state, it is fair to assume that he will choose the ad interim lieutenant-governor from this neighborhood. If we were invited to hazard a guess as to his selection we should name Senator Lee Gates as the likeliest person to fill the position. He is a staunch friend of the governor, a man of marked ability, of fine oratorical powers and of wide experience in public affairs. Governor Johnson would please a large constituency this side of the Tehachepi should he decide to make so fitting an appointment.

RAPID FALL FROM GRACE

HOW soon are the mighty fallen! Here is Mayor Thompson of Chicago now writhing under the charge that his administration has connived at petty grafting, through a division-of-salary practices. Also that it is seeking to prevent the re-election of the best element in the city council. Yet it is only a few months ago that the papers now found decrying this attitude were enthusiastic in support of the candidate who was to give Chicago an era to be marked by "progress, crimelessness and construction." How Carter Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, must take cynical delight in contemplating this spectacle! The many times mayor, at least, never allowed grafting to besmirch his several administrations. The chief trouble with Mayor Thompson seems to be that he has allowed the public patronage to be distributed by an outsider, who has not been overparticular in carrying out the delegated task. But a public official cannot evade responsibility by placing the onus of blame on a layman. The people object to a betrayal of their trust in the manner noted, hence the revolt of Mayor Thompson's erstwhile supporters. It is to be feared that the "Chicago possibility" for presidential honors has dugged a deep political grave and that before his term of office expires there will be none so poor to do him reverence.



ONE of my literary curiosities is a partial file of the Los Angeles Star, a weekly newspaper, founded in 1851. It was printed in both Spanish and English and the first number appeared May 17, 1851. My file begins with Saturday, August 14, 1852. On the third page is the Spanish section, the name of the paper, La Estrella, heading the first column. John A. Lewis and John McElroy were the original publishers, but after a few months the latter retired in favor of Wm. H. Rand, who later went to Chicago, where in company with Andrew McNally he established the well known publishing house of Rand, McNally & Co., which is still in corporate existence. After many changes in ownership control of the Star passed to Major Ben C. Truman, a fellow-Sunsetter, who in his eighty-first year is still a resident of Los Angeles. Major Truman had served on President Johnson's staff and in 1866 was sent to California as special agent for the United States post-office department to establish postal stage-route stations in Southern California and Arizona. In 1860 he was named as census marshal of Southern California and in 1873 he acquired the Star and assumed editorial charge. It was the major who was good enough to bestow on me this treasured file which is so interesting a relic of early Los Angeles. Major Truman transformed the weekly Star into a daily paper and it was conducted as such by him until 1877, when he disposed of the property to the Rev. A. M. Campbell. But a daily in those days had precarious pickings and in 1879 the Star ceased to twinkle.

I have been greatly interested in studying the advertisements in the Star of 1852. Matthew Keller, father of Henry Keller, one of our present park commissioners, seems to have conducted what comes nearest to the modern emporium. I find him announcing for sale, for cash or its equivalent, groceries, choice wines, dry goods, clothing, lumber, window blinds, sash, shingles, nails, iron hoops, rivets and pure white wine vinegar. Mr. Keller's store was so well known that other merchants announced their own location by its proximity. Thus McFarland and Downey, druggists and chemists, "opposite Matthew Keller's store," have always on hand a well-selected supply of drugs and medicines. Alexander and Mellus offer to buy county scrip at sixty cents on the dollar, "for goods at cash prices." Alexander and Banning, of San Pedro, "forwarding and commission merchants," also operate a line of stages "to connect with Los Angeles immediately on the arrival of each steamer from San Francisco. Later, Phineas Banning, father of Captain and Hancock Banning, conducted the business alone at "New San Pedro and Los Angeles." O. W. Childs, whose widow still survives and is an honored resident of Los Angeles, under the firm name of Childs and Hicks, did a wholesale and retail trade in groceries and provisions and manufactured tin, copper and sheet iron ware.

They also sold all kinds of garden seeds. Here is a "public notice" of general interest. It is dated July 30, 1853, and reads:

"The undersigned members of the city board of education give notice that a free public school for the instruction of the youth of the city of Los Angeles, is this day opened at the house of D. Ignacio Coronel under the superintendence of the said Coronel. All persons desirous of sending their children will please apply to S. C. Foster, L. Granger and J. L. Brent."

Don Ignacio had previously maintained a private school in Los Angeles, assisted by his daughter. Other private schools were established after 1850, subsidized by the city, but with the opening of the "free school," as announced in the advertisement quoted, all subsidies ceased. An election proclamation in the same issue (August 27, 1853) calls for the election of one senator to represent the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, which then comprised the first senatorial district in the state; Los Angeles was entitled to two members of the legislature at that time, according to the call, as against nine for San Francisco, which also had two senators.

William Hickey announces that he is now ready and willing to supply the citizens of Los Angeles with water "on very reasonable terms." It is added: "Having a good horse and cart he will be punctual in his arrangements. Jobbing also solicited." In 1852 the Bella Union Hotel vied with the American Hotel for the tourist traffic. The latter advertised this lure: "Good liquors and cigars always to be had at the bar." Peter Biggs kept the "Gentlemen's Saloon." He assured the public of his ability to "black boots, wait and tend on parties, run on errands, take in clothes to wash, iron and mend; and, in short, perform any work, honest and respectable, to earn a genteel living and accommodate his fellow creatures. For character refers to almost all the gentlemen of the city. P. S. Office in Montgomery Saloon." Pete or "Don Pedro" was a Virginian who came to Los Angeles as the personal servant of Captain J. A. Smith of the dragoons—he was afterward famed as General Smith commanding the Sixteenth army corps of Sherman's army. Don Pedro Briggs was a sort of link between the fallen angels of the city and strangers seeking social diversion. He was married to a Spanish woman, was city barber and was known locally as the Black Democrat. He died with his boots on in a restaurant where, having objected to the service, the Mexican waiter buried his sheath knife in a vital part of Pete's body.

Dr. J. "Billy" Garland was a physician and surgeon dentist in those days who "flatters himself" that his extended practical experience will enable him to give satisfaction. His office was in the Bella Union Hotel, "principal [Main] street, three doors north of Commercial." In his "Reminiscences of a Ranger"—that fascinating work by Major Horace Bell—the author gives a graphic sketch of the Bella Union as he saw it in October 1852, when he made his dramatic advent in Los Angeles on the outside of the stage coach driven by Captain Phineas Banning from Wilmington, and which he has described so vividly. He says: Winston and Hodges kept the Bella Union at that time. The house was a one-story flat-roofed adobe, with a corral in the rear, extending to Los Angeles street, with the usual great Spanish portal, near which stood a little frame house, one room above and one below. The lower room had the sign "Imprinta" over the door fronting on Los Angeles street, which meant that the Star was published therein. The room upstairs was used as a dormitory for the printers and editors. They were three in number: Lewis, Rand and Manuel Clemente Rojo. The latter edited the Spanish columns of the Star. On the north side of the Bella Union corral, extending from the back door of the main building to Los Angeles street, were numerous pigeon-holes or dog kennels. These were the rooms for the guests of the Bella Union. In rainy weather the primitive earthen floor was sometimes, and generally, rendered quite muddy by the percolations from the roof above, which in height from floor to ceiling, was about six or seven feet. The rooms were not more than 6x9 in size.

Such were the ordinary dormitories of the hotel that advertised as being the "best hotel south of San Francisco." "If a very aristocratic guest came along," remarks Major Bell, "a great sacrifice was made in his favor, and he was permitted to sleep on the little billiard table." "The bar was well supplied," quotes the historian, from the hotel advertisement. He adds: "It was well patronized. We registered our name, washed, and 'smiled' at the bar. The grim, desperado-looking bartender by no means smiled at us. He looked as if he had not smiled since his father was hung. Mind you, now, I don't say that bartender's father was hung, but if he were not, he should have been before becoming the father of so ill-looking a fellow. He was a vindictive-appearing man, and wore an old dragoon overcoat and a red hat; a vicuna so common in the country at the time; open-legged Mexican calzoneros, with jingling buttons from hip to bottom, and by no means immaculate under-linen. Protruding from beneath his flowing robe could be seen the ugly-looking Colt's revolver, while, with the red fringe-work of his Mexican sash mingled a chain of ponderous golden nuggets that hung from his fob. In one corner behind the bar stood a double-barrelled shotgun, while lying within convenient reach, were two 'Colt's' of the old army pattern, carrying half-ounce balls, and commonly called 'batteries.' The bar, evidently, was not to be taken by surprise. I solemnly asseverate that the patrons who came and went from the Bella Union bar were the most bandit, cutthroat looking set conceivable. Some were dressed in the gorgeous attire of the country, some half ranchero, half miner; others were attired in the modern style of tailorship; all, however, had slung to their rear the never-failing pair of Colt's, generally, with the accompaniment of a bowie knife."

To return to my files of the Star. I find an advertisement of "The Opera Lunch" served at the Calle de los Negros, where one might get hot tea, coffee, and chocolate "and everything else that a man may ask for." What sort of a resort was the Calle de los

Negros? In 1852 "Negro Alley," as the whites termed the precinct given over to gambling and rough-housing of all kinds, was the most notorious locality in Los Angeles. There were four or five gambling places on the Calle, and the crowd from the old Coronel building on the Los Angeles street corner, notes Major Bell, to the plaza "was so dense that we could scarcely squeeze through. Americans, Spaniards, Indians and foreigners, mingling and crowding along from one gambling house to another, from table to table, all chinking the everlasting eight square fifty-dollar pieces up and down in their palms. There were several bands of music of the primitive Mexican-Indian kind, that sent forth most discordant sound, by no means in harmony with the eternal jingle of gold—while at the upper end of the street, in the rear of one of the gambling houses was a Mexican 'Marona' in uproarious confusion. They positively made night hideous with their howlings. Every few minutes a rush would be made, and maybe a pistol shot would be heard. When the confusion incident to the rush would have somewhat subsided, and inquiry made, you would learn that it was only a knife fight between two Mexicans or a gambler had caught a patron cheating and had perforated him with a bullet. Such things were a matter of course, and no complaint or arrests were ever made. An officer would not have had the temerity to attempt an arrest in 'Negro Alley' at that time."

So much for Calle de los Negros where Nelson & Co. advertised "The Opera Lunch." The locality is still existent off the plaza, only the title has degenerated into "Nigger Alley." Needless to say the conditions so spiritedly described by Major Bell have long since disappeared. It was a queer atmosphere the "mixed" population of those days exuded as the columns of the Star reveal. In the issue of June 11, 1853, I find a brief article warning readers of the reported advent of Joaquin, the notorious robber and murderer, who had been seen near El Monte. Two years later, September 29, 1855, on the editorial page, is an item in minion type to the effect that in spite of the hard times, many valuable civic improvements are projected. Adobes are giving way to brick stores. Hon. Abel Stearns and J. R. Scott Esq., have nearly completed a brick flouring mill, which will far surpass anything of the kind in the state. Messrs. Foster and Waddams have finished a block of three brick stores on the corner of Main and Commercial and Mr. J. Morris one adjoining. Mr. John Goller has completed a brick carriage warehouse and Mr. Lake a neat and commodious dwelling. Don Juan Ramirez is building a large brick block on Alameda street, designed for stores and a printing office. Mr. Hogan is laying the foundations for a large brick house on Los Angeles street. Other improvements are noted yet the entire article is compressed into less than two inches of space and without a display head! How the newspaper profession has changed in the half a century succeeding!

My file runs to March 1, 1871, traversing a period of almost twenty years. It is by no means complete, but the numbers, worn though they are and yellowed with age, are of rare worth to me. The last item in the issue of March 1, 1871, tells of the probating of the will of A. A. Boyle, deceased, and letters of administration ordered to issue to William H. Workman—Uncle "Billy" Workman—still hale and hearty, who, I believe, married Mr. Boyle's daughter. It has been a most interesting browsing. S. T. C.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

THAT clairvoyants and other "mystics" who impose upon the credulous find San Francisco a profitable field of endeavor is evidenced by the columns of space which their advertisements occupy in the Sunday newspapers. Recently, the police have been successful in rounding up several of the most notorious of these fakers. It appears that their business was conducted along modern lines, five of them forming what they called a "clairvoyant trust," which, it is said, cleaned up not less than \$200,000 in the last four years.

Sam Blythe, weary of the futilities of twentieth century war correspondence and at present engaged in voluminous discourse on national politics, was resting at Del Monte for a few days last week. Returning here he was asked if he had heard of Governor Johnson's candidacy for the presidency which was announced in semi-authoritative style and with a loud flourish of trumpets in the Bulletin one day last week. Blythe professed his ignorance of the rumor. "But if Governor Johnson intends to be a candidate," he remarked, "he will have plenty of competition, as there is at least a baker's dozen of other candidates."

From the number of politicians who buzzed around the corridors of the Palace and St. Francis hotels last Saturday, one might have fancied that an old-time convention was in progress. But, as a matter of fact, the Palace was the stronghold of the Republican state central committee, while the Independents and some Progressives were encamped at the St. Francis. Robert N. Bulla was one of the leading spirits at the latter conference which succeeded in naming a ticket of twenty-six delegates to the national convention. This ticket includes Bulla and Paul McCormick as delegates at large and Thomas Hughes and Joseph Scott representing the Tenth district. Scott made a lively speech denouncing the Wilson administration, declaring it had made the American nation contemptible in foreign lands and that the American flag in Mexico was subjected to continual insult.

Women played an active part in the proceedings of the Democratic state central committee which was also in session in the Phelan building. They made an urgent but unsuccessful fight for approval of the amendment to the Constitution now before congress granting national suffrage to women. A substitute resolution, offered by Miss Nora Rasmussen, was adopted, favoring woman suffrage, but recommending that every state in the Union enact legislation which

will extend the right of suffrage to all women who otherwise are qualified to vote. Besides the usual resolutions commending the administration and Senator Phelan's activities in congress, the Democrats went on record as favoring the cancellation of the Taft orders withdrawing oil lands.

* * *

There is a lively schism in the ranks of the Union League Club which in the course of time has somewhat slid away from the purpose of its original foundation, that of a strictly Republican organization, and now contains many Democrats. The immediate cause of the ruction was the desire of Frank Gould to remove from the club's constitution all taint of party politics. The old guard Republicans, while they have cheerfully tolerated rubbing elbows with Democrats, strenuously object to such tergiversation. Additional interest is found in the dissension in that Colonel George H. Pippy, a popular member of the club, is being groomed as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. Pippy and his friends think that the Union League should be solidly behind his ambition.

* *

Chinese gamblers have been disappointed in their ingenuity of organizing "literary" clubs for the pursuit of their research in fantan and lottery problems. Sunday evening the police descended on Chinatown and raided half a dozen of these establishments, arresting 126 of the students and their instructors. The Chinese pine for the halcyon days of the McCarthy administration when they were told that they could "gamble their heads off."

* * *

Society has discovered a new diversion, and its proper pursuit involves healthy and vigorous exercise. Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl and Francis Carolan have imported a pack of beagles, and the first meet at Burlingame for the pursuit of the jack-rabbit was largely attended. Beagles, however, should only be followed on foot, and Sunday's sport was somewhat complicated by the activities of sportsmen in their motor cars. The officers of the hunt are gorgeously attired in green velvet coats with Alice blue collars, white corduroy knickerbockers, green stockings and white spats. Mrs. Kohl, who divides the mastery of the pack with Carolan wears a short white skirt in lieu of the knickerbockers. They did not bag a hare at the initial meet.

* * *

In the passing of Judge J. C. B. Hebbard, San Francisco has lost a picturesque and versatile figure. About twelve years ago when Hebbard was presiding in court, a man stood up and fired a shot at him. While court officials and attorneys were scurrying to corners of safety, Hebbard calmly left the bench, walked down to the miscreant and disarmed him. He wrote verses as well as decisions and once published a volume entitled "A Dack of Cards and A Joker, Shuffled and Dealt by J. C. B. Hebbard."

* * *

Gertrude Hoffman's latest and most lavish Oriental extravaganza has been packing the Orpheum and has elicited at least one fiery denunciation from the pulpit. Sixty people figure in the series of dazzling reproductions of an Arabian Night's "entertainment." Miss Hoffman herself is thinner, more serpentine and wears fewer beads than ever.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, March 1.

RECORDING AN IMPOSSIBLE OCCURRENCE

By Randolph Bartlett

DREAMS never come true. Occasionally, an experience so nearly approximates a dream that we say the vision was fulfilled, but it is more frequently the other way, even with the imaginings that come in hours of sleep. It is not to such dreams, however, that I refer. I mean those anticipations of extreme enjoyment that we picture in our minds, and hope, one blissful day, to experience. We look forward to meeting a notable personage, and find when we encounter him that he is just a human being. We plan a visit to a great city or foreign country, and find that what we have read about it has stimulated our imaginations to a pitch that the reality fails to reach. Our friends rhapsodize over a book, or a poem, or a painting, until we expect it to be nothing short of a miracle of art, so when we study it ourselves we are disappointed to find that it does not dethrone our own old favorite. The greatest delights in life are invariably the unexpected ones, the discoveries in places we least expected of little or big things which overwhelm us with their art or power. This is simply because the imagination, working freely, does not take into account the invariable and inevitable act of human imperfection. The imagination pictures only perfection, and so our dreams never come true.

We have had this experience over and over again in California. The eastern visitor, stimulated by our letters, gorged with the superlatives of the clever railway advertisers, is looking for a Garden of Eden without even a garter-snake. He expects to see orange trees growing on the street corners, ripe fruit waiting for him to pick it without let or hindrance. He believes the business streets are flower gardens, and the flower gardens Elysian fields. It takes several weeks of educational work on our part to bring him back to a point of sanity where he will appreciate the beauties of the land and sea and mountains.

The remainder of this outburst is an entirely personal matter, and therefore in extremely bad literary taste, but so full am I of the miracle that I experienced that I shall be as shameless as a Hearst newspaper interviewer, and talk about it to my heart's content, even though the tale eventually repose in the commodious wastebasket I have so often employed for similar purposes at 114 East Fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

It is nearly twenty years since I first heard of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. To the lady who used to tell me about it I owe also the beginning of what-

ever interest I have in good music. A graduate of the Boston Conservatory, she tactfully showed me that the classics are not dull, and that a Beethoven sonata can be as interesting even to the unschooled ear as Nevin's "Narcissus." But there was a phrase she used to employ, "absolute music," which I never could quite grasp. She used it in referring to great compositions perfectly interpreted, music that needed no program notes, no libretto, no wordy explanations. This, she said, was what the Boston Symphony stood for. I could not comprehend this, for at that time the largest orchestra I ever heard, I believe—it was in Western Canada many years ago—was in a theater pit and consisted of perhaps eight pieces. Later, arriving in Los Angeles and hearing the good symphony music there, first under Hamilton and then under Tandler, likewise having an evening of Damrosch and several of the Russians under Altschuler, what I had been told about the Boston organization began to mean something. This winter, in New York, I have heard several remarkable programs, and then, last Thursday evening the miracle transpired.

First of all—proving that the gods had been lying in wait for me—I was able to buy seats for a single concert by the Boston Symphony. In my innocence I did not know that the entire series is sold out solid to subscribers, before the season opens. So I approached the box office at Carnegie Hall with the confidence of ignorance and asked for two seats. The man behind the wicker stared at me. After informing me that tickets for these events never were on public sale, he said that it happened that a subscriber had given him two seats to sell, just a few minutes previously. Do not disgrace such an incident by calling it "luck."

Second item of proof that I was born under a lucky star—the program for that particular concert, the critics agree, was the best balanced that Dr. Karl Muck has yet given in this city. Ordinarily, his evenings are either all modern music or all from the classics. Observe this variety: Debussy's "La Mer," Strauss' "Don Quixote," Haydn's First Symphony. The two greatest of the moderns with one of the greatest of the academicians—who could ask for a more tempting menu?

The moment Dr. Muck appeared upon the platform, it was clear that something unusual was about to transpire. With a name like that, you would expect the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to be a rather scholarly old party, with a pronounced German appearance, spectacles, and an air of abstraction. It was something of a shock to see a young man come out of the side door quite briskly, looking, as a young woman near me remarked, "more like a gentleman than a musician." He is the kind of man whom you do not notice to be wearing full dress. And in his conducting you do not notice him at all. His gestures are almost imperceptible—probably quite unnecessary, so well is his band trained. I cannot recall watching him, but I do not believe that he ever moved his body, and I do not think his hands ever traversed the entire arc his arms permit. But to the music!

I thought I had heard perfectly blended tones. Occasionally, Tandler has procured remarkable homogeneity; at times Strinsky of the Philharmonic brings out effects of perfect unity of instruments; Altschuler barely knows what it means, trusting to the dynamic rather than the exquisite. The Boston orchestra is a single instrument when that is the requirement. And it was the requirement in Debussy's "La Mer." Here is no photographic composition, no splash of water, no shriek of gale. Yet the sea is there before your ears, usually calm, occasionally boisterous, always rhythmic. The waves shimmer and play, toss pebbles upon the beach, and talk to the winds, but never in prose. It is significant that there were no program notes for this composition, excepting for a few quotations from impressionistic criticisms. At no point could one say, "That is the sound of the surf, those are whitecaps, that is a bit of wreckage being washed ashore." Yet it was the sea.

Then the "Don Quixote," the program notes to which were necessary and voluminous. In this composition Strauss, in his original manner, gives tonal descriptions of various familiar episodes in the history of the life of the Knight of la Mancha. It is all fantastic, full of tricks. Sheep bleat realistically, windmills whirl realistically, pilgrims drone realistically, Quixote and Sancho Panza ride through the air realistically—Strauss is the David Belasco of the orchestra. It may not be music, but it is never dull. And then a quiet, conventional, dreamy finale, as if, someone has said, Strauss wanted to prove that he is not entirely crazy after all.

Then the compote—Haydn. After the unrestrained musical reverie of Debussy, and the gyrations of Strauss, the calm and honeyed Haydn, with his definite melodies and his metronomic rhythm. With what zest the musicians swept into the dignified "symphonie mit dem Pankenwirbel"—the symphony with the drum-roll. The mind, wearied by reason of the fact that, willy-nilly, it had been impossible for it to release itself from the tension of the two preceding numbers, was soothed and caressed by the playful cadences.

Dreams never come true, do they not? I never have heard a singer whose voice did not leave something to be desired; nor an opera which did not contain dull spots; nor a pianist or violinist who was not susceptible to criticism either in manner or in music. But here was an orchestra of which I demanded nothing short of perfection—I was on a quest for "absolute music." I was prepared to accept anything more than seventy-five per cent of my anticipation as clear profit. And to my untutored, though not entirely inexperienced mind, I had been face to face, or ear to orchestra, with perfection in tone and interpretation, in a program as nicely balanced as the scales of a dealer in radium. I maintain it was a miracle, but I believe it can be repeated, and here's hoping another season ticket holder turns in seats for the next concert.

New York, Feb. 28, 1916.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY REVIEWED

By Raymond McDonald Alden

NOT always will the cautious reader accept the superlatives of publishers' announcements, but there is little reason to question the statement that the "Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer, is the most important biography of the last year. It is of the type which has now become standard,—following the plan of allowing the hero to tell his own story, so far as possible, through letters, diary entries, and the like: yet one is led at once to wonder how much longer it will be possible to build biographies this way. John Hay was of the generation which still wrote letters—real letters—and kept diaries, leisurely, intimate, and graceful. Does any one do it now? And if not, as seems too probable, what shall the biographers of our younger heroes do? Can they make anything like literature out of typewritten letters dictated to stenographers, and frequently stamped "Mr. X—left the office before he could sign this in person?"

Besides the fact that he belonged to the age of letter-writing, there is another reason why John Hay is an ideal subject for biography; he was a man of no restricted occupation or profession, but an amateur of life on all sides. Traveler, poet, journalist, diplomat, capitalist, man of the world,—he was all these, and was no one of them with too much seriousness to take himself and his work lightly, or to be able to estimate it with clearheadedness and with humor. Hence it is difficult to conceive of any intelligent reader who will not find his biography interesting.

Mr. Thayer has done his work as well as was to be expected—and that is saying quite enough. By temper and no little experience as an historian, he has found the opportunity of sketching in the historical background of Hay's career in a number of important periods, both in Europe and America, though frankly obliged to forego at present the telling of the full story of his subject's concern with international affairs. It can hardly be doubted that at times he must have found his task a little short of congenial; for while Mr. Thayer is evidently an admirer of the intelligence and the integrity of John Hay, their points of view are in some ways decidedly at odds. Hay was a social conservative, a protectionist, a "standpatter" Republican, a loyal friend and helper of McKinley and Roosevelt; Mr. Thayer is something of a dissenter, and an outspoken opponent of protectionism, imperialism, and old-line Republicanism generally. Hence there are passages in the book where one feels that he is laboring at the oars because the wind of his sentiments blows a little off the course he has to steer; and there are other passages where he has his own way, but one wonders what Mr. Hay would think of it. For example, take this character sketch of McKinley:

"As congressman he was what is called a 'worker.' He looked after the interests, not only of his constituents, but of protectionists all over the country, and enjoyed the honor of giving his name to the high-tariff measure which wrought the disaster of 1890. McKinley was not a politician of intellectual force. Although he made a thousand speeches in behalf of protection, no economist would go to him for ideas. He had the art, however, of throwing a moral gloss over policies which were dubious, if not actually immoral, and this he did with a sort of self-deceiving sincerity. For he seems to have held that whatever platform the party adopted must receive the immediate and unquestioning acceptance of all the faithful. . . . He was kindly, willing, cheerful, forgiving. Like Mr. Barnum he knew the potency of words. Even when the United States were engaged in wiping out certain tribes of recalcitrant Filipinos, the major announced that we were bent on 'benevolent assimilation.'"

Such passages, for their own sake, at least, are quite worth while. Another of Mr. Thayer's incisive sketches is that of Greeley, with whom Hay was associated for a time on the Tribune:

"He was a New England Yankee, honest, shrewd, enterprising, resourceful, believing that the Lord helped those who helped themselves, and that, as he had prospered exceedingly, the Lord was on his side. Nature gave him the racy speech, the tart phrase. What he saw, he stated clearly; but this does not imply that he saw either far or deep. . . . The loose habits of reasoning, and of snap-judgments, which confirmed journalists seldom escape, Greeley not merely did not struggle against, but he cultivated. He dipped his pen of infallibility into his ink of omniscience with as little self-distrust as a child plays with matches. Doomed, as editors must be, to express opinion on insufficient evidence, he seemed at times to regard evidence in general as finical, if not superfluous."

This Hay himself would very likely have enjoyed; and it is to be presumed that he would also have enjoyed—though secretly, being a diplomat both by nature and training—Mr. Thayer's account of Germany and the Germans of our time, a subject on which the biographer lets himself go rather beyond the bounds of discretion or the natural requirements of his book. He found some warrant for this in certain indiscreet private utterances of Mr. Hay. "They" (that is, the Germans), he wrote in 1899, "are acting badly about our meats and cannot help bullying and swaggering. It is their nature." And a year later, after the troubles in China: "At least, we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." With certain international incidents, and comments like this, as a text, Mr. Thayer writes a stern, at times an almost violent, chapter on "the German conspiracy against the United States." The present reviewer has no special disposition to quarrel with his position; but it must be admitted that he alleges more than he has either the space or the evidence to prove in the manner of an historian.

To turn back from the biographer to his subject, the presentation of Hay's personality which one finds in these two roomy and gossip volumes is a rich and attractive one, as has already been implied. At college his talk and his composition were the joy and despair

of his fellows; when he traveled, a stream of witty and really illuminating letters came back to his friends at home; when he relaxed from the duties of ambassador or secretary of state, to characterize confidentially the British public, the United States senate, or a royal potentate, he did it invariably with keenness and often with a lasting quality of literary distinction. Of Lincoln he writes, back in 1863: "He can rake a sophism out of its hole better than all the trained logicians of the schools. I do not know whether the nation is worthy of him for another term. I know the people want him. But politicians are strong yet, and he is not their 'kind of a cat.'" From Paris, in 1866, he sends a wonderfully vivid portrait of the emperor: "Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like crude tallow—marked for Death, whenever Death wants him. . . . Eyes sleepily watchful—furtive—stealthy, rather ignoble; like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying 'nobody at home,' and lying as they say it."

Of Charles Sumner, in 1867, he records that the senator had written of his engagement to be married, without mentioning the lady's name, and comments: "This is eminently characteristic. The great point with Sumner is that he is to be married. If the lady happens to get married about the same time, all the better for her." Of Joaquin Miller he writes that he has enjoyed Bret Harte's attack upon him, but "I don't agree with it; I think the wild cuss is a poet." From London, in 1894, he writes a delicious note contrasting British and American oratory: "I never so clearly appreciated the power of the unhesitating rotundity of the Yankee speech, as in listening, after an hour or two of hum-ha of tongue-tied British men, to the long wash of our Ambassador's sonority." And to close the tempting list of these specimen sketches, there is a diary note, from 1903, describing Mr. Roosevelt entertaining a French guest at a White House luncheon: "The President talked with great energy and perfect ease the most curious French I ever listened to. It was absolutely lawless as to grammar and occasionally bankrupt in substantives; but he had not the least difficulty in making himself understood, and one subject did not worry him more than another." From all which it appears that, if Hay had ever devoted himself seriously to descriptive writing (after his "Castilian Days," or to biography, or to the personal essay, he might have done very much what he would.

The limitation upon his greatness is that, as I have said already, he looked on life for the most part as an amateur. Whatever he did, he did with absolute conscientiousness as well as dexterity; but he never planned any task to which he held himself with rigorous endurance and sturdy persistence. It was in good part a matter of congenial temperament; in part, apparently, one of health. (A medical reviewer of Hay's life, I notice, has set down all his troubles and limitations to eye-strain.) He could scorn stupidity or intrigue, but he would not contend with it. His proud instinct was to work at a task so long as he was understood and appreciated, and then to resign—as when he tried to leave the state department because the senate rejected his first Panama treaty. He believed in democracy with a really noble faith ("What the republic does is right, in the largest sense," he wrote as a young man, and never recanted), but when it came to the particular follies of democracy—labor troubles, free silver agitation, pestering congressmen—he talked of the people with the hauteur of a Horace Walpole or a Coriolanus, and would not descend among them. Mr. Thayer brings all this out effectively, not summing up the man's character as I have done, to be sure, but skilfully contrasting it with the sinuities of McKinley and the audacities of Roosevelt, and showing how Hay could serve both men faithfully while wholly aloof from the spirit of either. Fortunately, by chance rather than by effort, he found his way, in the last period of his life, to just the work for which his temperament and his manifold experiences fitted him. A diplomatist need not have either an insistent Puritan conscience or the arts of a people's idol; he is probably better off without either. Hay had honesty, courtesy, thoroughness, and a truly international mind. Hence, without being a really great man, he became, under favorable conditions, a great diplomatist and secretary of state.

Mr. Thayer's preface tells us that he was not able to read the final proofs of these volumes, and this may account for unexpected errors. There are impossible bits of grammar on pages 48 and 125 of the first volume ("My recollections . . . is dim," and "The following extracts . . . shows"), and a strange sentence on page 238 of the second volume, "Mr. Hay urged Li Hung Chang that the ministers be allowed," etc. (We may be sure that no faulty English can be attributed to the heart of Old Cambridge, where Mr. Thayer resides, and where, we may infer, even the difficult problem of "will" and "shall" never troubles the soul; for, says he incidentally, John Hay, "like many southerners and westerners," sometimes confused these verbal forms!) Finally, these volumes are beautifully printed; both their value and their attractiveness are enhanced by some twenty illustrations, and the index is of a thorough and serviceable sort. ("Life and Letters of John Hay. By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin Company. Bullock's.") Stanford University.

Song

My hope is hope of neither time nor place,
My pain is old as are the hills and sea,
My sorrow is the sorrow of the race;
They only make their transient home with me.

The tears that fill my heart were shed in Tyre,
Or yet in Nineveh were seen to flow;
The song upon my lips, the sweet desire
Of youth—they lived in Athens, long ago.

Forsooth, the servitors of Time we are,
The handers-on of what within us lies;
We may not love the splendor of the star
Beyond the dreamless closing of our eyes.

—CHARLES G. BLANDEN

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON IN WAR TIME

By Cyril H. Bretherton

In the Pennsylvania station
At seven o'clock
On a zero morning—
Brrr!!!
The end of Thirty-second street
Is blocked
By an enormous yellow sun
Of the color
Of new Wisconsin cheese.
The little stenographers
Trip by to business.
How short their skirts are!
And how they peep at one
Over their huge muffs!

But see! It is time to be aboard!
A viaticum? Yes, indeed.
And the kindly barkeeper has given me
A lead quarter:
O, emblem of these United States!
I will cherish thee on my watch chain,
If I get safely aboard with it
Still on my person.

Behold, the stately ship!
How huge!
How noble!
Capable of going an infinite distance!
Either to Tipperary
Or elsewhere.

Adieu, America!
I too, shall have gone some
Before I again set foot on thee.
Farewell, lower Broadway!
Already, thou fadest from sight.
Thy skyscrapers are but a finger's growth
Upon the bole of eternity.
Non sum qualis eram
Sub requo cynarae!
And the motion
Imparted to the ocean
By large vessels
Is a thing with which
Even a poet wrestles
In vain!

QUITE the only thrilling occurrence of the journey from New York to Liverpool was a beautiful thing (of which America knows nothing) called "Raised pie." I would tell you all about it only one poem in free verse should suffice for a letter. We encountered no submarines though—to preserve the illusion, of course—we had three boat drills while the Orduna, built for the leisurely South American service, went through the danger zone like the proverbial bat out of the nether regions. I found no other celebrities on board and in fact it was a barren field for a journalist agog for sensations. There was a man from the "Rainbow" with us and another from the "Macedonia" and yet a third who had been with Admiral Fisher's "Dummy battleship fleet" of which you have no doubt heard. But no one of them had really had any hairbreadth escapes.

If the British are managing the war on the same lines that they manage the landing of passengers at Liverpool they are bound to lose. We were carried from the dock (somewhere in the back of beyond) to the landing pier in a tugboat. There we were penned up in a dirty and unventilated barn appropriately called a waiting room—we waited there an hour and a half—while our baggage was cast off the tug piece by piece and dragged by a trio of decrepit longshoremen up into the customs examining room. The examination was, of course, entirely perfunctory and after declaring that we had nothing to declare we were permitted to take ourselves off. Before leaving the ship we had all presented our passports and certificates of citizenship to a galaxy of officials including a youngish recruiting officer whose unterrifying duties, one supposes might well have been undertaken by a retired officer too old for active service.

First impressions are fleeting and one hastens to record them. One of my first was "How pleasant and polite everybody is!" And it is a correct one though for the time being marred by a very intoxicated Irish soldier fresh from the front who inhabited our railway carriage all the way up to London. For most of the way he talked treason in a loud voice but finally slent. Some of the things he said sounded suspiciously like excerpts from the Daily Mail. He had bottles of liquor concealed on various portions of his anatomy from which he besought us at intervals to quaff. Would we not sing with him then? We would not. So he did the quaffing himself and slept on the floor. Just outside London he awoke and remarked that he hoped he had not hurt any of our feelings as his heart was in the right place. This was a little superfluous as there were two ladies in the carriage and his language had been simply sulphurous. But no one seemed to take it amiss. I mention the incident as indicating the attitude of the British toward their fighting men. When home on leave Tommy Atkins has the universe by the tail.

London in darkness is depressing, though it is not the Cimmerian darkness of the country towns where you have to pack an electric torch. However, in order that the Zeppelins shall not lose the way a dozen or more huge searchlights play upon the tenebrous vault of heaven at decent intervals. All blinds must be drawn down under pain of a fine of one hundred pounds or decapitation, I forget which, and perambulators are required to carry a tail light. Whether the light should be affixed to the perambulator or to the rear end of the propellant has already occasioned controversy and will soon be before the house of lords for which some harmless mental stimulus MUST be provided.

Just a week ago yesterday I was dining in Gray's Inn Hall when the news came that the Zeppelins were coming. On their last visit they dropped five bombs on Gray's Inn, annihilating, inter alia, the benchers' probing room. So the hose was got out and much expectancy generated. But the Zeppelins disappointingly went elsewhere. There is a whacking big anti-aircraft gun on the embankment quite near my chambers and I had promised to enjoy a private view of its activities and then beat it for the nearest telegraph office. But it was not to be.

To say that London is full of soldiers does not state the case at all. It is crawling with them. Already,

twelve classes of the men attested under the Derby Act have been called and the first of the conscripted men have been notified. London is red with posters that say:

WILL YOU MARCH TOO?
OR WILL YOU WAIT TILL MARCH 2?

that being the date when the act takes effect. Needless to say not many of them will wait. Indeed, it would rather seem as if the conscripted battalions will consist entirely of actors, lawyers and Jews, these being the only men one sees who appear to be evading their duties. There is no complaining about the compulsory enlistment. Most of the men who have refrained have done so at the instigation of employers (often, strangely enough, of German extraction) or are the kind of men that, having no stomach for the fight have equally little to resist compulsion.

There appears to be no foundation whatever for the lurid tales, supplied for the most part by Mr. Hearst's conservative correspondents, according to which it is as much as a man's life is worth to go on the streets dressed in mufti. The British are much too polite and aloof to bother one another in that way. A few young men may have been harried by their friends in the early stages of the war but the Englishman's right to do as he damn pleases is still very sacred. Recruiting, however, still goes on busily as well as registering under the Derby Act. Yesterday, I passed in the Strand a military band behind which shuffled a score or so of newly captured recruits. And seeing these hangdog, slope-shouldered, slack-jawed nonentities and realizing what six months of soldiering will do for them I told myself that whatever be the outcome now England will get her money's worth out of the war.

For the most part, prices in England are now about the same as they are in the United States. Some things are higher, notably eggs, which are ten cents apiece in the cheap restaurants, and tobacco the cheapest of which (owing to heavy duties) is twelve cents an ounce. The English, however, still score heavily as the result of their coinage which enables them to use pennies and halfpennies freely while in the United States innumerable things are still five cents apiece not because they are worth five cents but because a nickel is the smallest coin that anyone bothers about.

I have not yet been able to see any of the Los Angeles men who are doing their bit over here, but I have had a letter from Leonard Cooke who is now a second lieutenant in the Twelfth Battalion, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and is stationed at Lytham. Neville Woodcock, he tells me, is still in the Artists' (Officers Training Corps) which is stationed at Romford, Essex. The others I have yet to run to earth.

I think this is quite enough gossip for one installment and will accordingly close with a greeting to my friends in the fair City of the Angels. Next week, if God and the censor permit, more will be revealed.

London, February 20, 1916.

The Casement Door

The room was high and dignified,
old and deep and long and wide,
and languid with soft heat.
The polished floor reflected light,
as sidewalks on a rainy night
gleam up and down the street.

Along the wall hung red festoons,
and hanging globes like crystal moons,
that glowed with yellow light.
A casement door was at the end,
open, the perfumed heat to send
out into the night.

The waltz called "triste" was soft and slow.
The dancers wove their patterns so
intricate and fine,
between the shimmering silks and laces,
the passionate pallor of rapt faces,
a circling, curving line,

leading, weaving through brocade,
tulle and chiffon, jewel inlaid,
across the floor,
to where the perfumed, powdered light
sifted out into the night,
gone to return no more.

Then the icy fingers of the dark
came creeping from the misty park,
through the casement door.

Within the hollow of his arm
she rested, drifting in the charm
and glamour of the dance.
The golden sheen of light and heat,
the swing and rhythm of gliding feet,
the ardor of his glance.

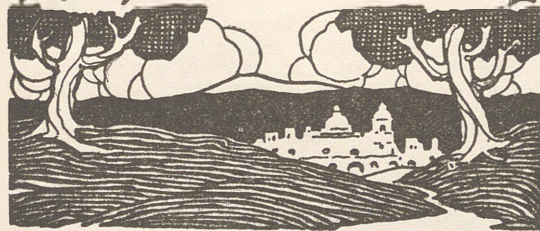
The cold, long fingers of the night
crept in and touched them with delight,
with swift and icy fire.
It ruffled her soft hair and laces.
It touched their clinging hands and faces
with mad desire.

A dowager said with fretful ire,
"The draft! Please close that casement door!
My rheumatism is such a bore."

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

California has not a monopoly of freak legislation or law-makers. That sterling American paper "for all the family," the Youth's Companion, has been running a serial, entitled, "The Flag," but in none of the illustrations was there any picture of the flag. This was later explained editorially by stating that the flag law of the Old Bay State is so framed that not even a picture of a flag may be printed without laying the paper open to prosecution if anyone be so minded. O, Liberty, what freaks are perpetrated in thy name!

By the Way



Lincoln's Slayer Recognized

Out in the southwest part of town there is a quiet chuckle going the rounds because of the unconscious pleasantries perpetrated by little Susanna Bryant, the bright nine-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant. Lincoln's birthday Susanna was required by her governess to write an essay on the great emancipator. It proved to be a most creditable piece of work and for it Miss Susanna received high marks. Her teacher, however, had one criticism to make: She thought the paper ended a trifle too abruptly. Questioning her tractable pupil as to Lincoln's death she found that Susanna was familiar with the circumstances. "And do you know the name of the man who fired the shot that killed the President?" she asked. "O, yes," promptly responded Susanna, "it was Willis Booth."

Lord Brothers of Ville de Paris

Back in Evanston, Illinois, for upward of a quarter of a century a successful dry goods house was conducted by William S. Lord, who with his brother, Mr. F. A. Lord, has recently come to Los Angeles to assume control of the big retail dry goods concern known as the Ville de Paris. I have just been renewing an old acquaintance with William Lord who was a fellow townsman of mine what time I lived in the university annex to Chicago. When I knew him Mr. Lord wrote excellent poetry, but I suppose the cares of business have precluded that form of expression these later years. In my library are two books that owe their form to his poetic bent. One is a dainty volume "Blue and Gold," published by A. C. McClurg & Co. in 1896, and another is a collection of the "Best Short Poems of the Nineteenth Century." The first named attests his poetic nature, his craftsmanship; the second is a tribute to his excellent taste and good judgment, for the twenty-five selections he included in his compilation reveal a fine appreciation of much that is best in the world of poetry as evolved in the Victorian era. Both brothers are fine business men and as they are greatly in love with Los Angeles it is to be hoped they will find no disappointment in their advent here commercially.

Tyrone Power Has Visions

That is an ambitious program for Los Angeles which Tyrone Power outlined to the drama section of the Friday Morning club Tuesday afternoon. This talented actor sees this city as unique in the world as is Bayreuth because it is here that he believes the renaissance of the drama will start and he entertains hopes that we will build a theater and create an audience fit for the coming of the great actors of the future. Mr. Power, himself, intends to do "his bit" in this movement for he proposes to give, after Lent, a series of performances here which will include "The Servant in the House," Pinero's "The Magistrate," and Shakespearean plays. The actor's reminiscences of the great of his profession gave the club women a most enjoyable afternoon. Tyrone Power is now a Los Angeleno. He has bought the Woolwine house at Beverly, where he and his charming family will make their future home. Mrs. Power, by the way, is an American woman and the two little Powers likewise are good Americans, for Tyrone has taken out his naturalization papers.

His Modest Banana Luncheon

If, one bright, sunny Saturday about noon, you chance to see W. L. Stewart's big automobile drawn up in front of a corner grocery store and its owner, with, perhaps, one of his charming daughters as chauffeur, eating, with evident relish, a banana, do not think that disaster and grim want has overtaken the Union Oil Company. It is merely that Mr. Stewart is in too big a hurry to reach the San Gabriel golf links to stop for a regular luncheon after he leaves his office and the banana is his only concession to the inner man. But after a round of golf, I presume, the humble tropical fruit has little chance of receiving attention.

Ad Club's Lively Session

My old Chicago confrere, Dr. Frank Crane, was one of the speakers at a lively Ad Club luncheon Tuesday. Dr. Crane's dry wit, as he poked fun at a few of our California pretensions, earned him merely the hearty good will of the advertising men, whose methods, he told them, if applied to publicity for an international court would bring about an end to warfare. It was rather a distinguished list of honor guests that the Ad Club entertained. Florencio Constantino sang "La Paloma" and gave a talk on his project of making this city the music center of America. Dr. J. Ziegner Uriburu, formerly Argentina minister to Mexico, urged more cordial relations between the two Americas. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the most successful publisher in this country, owner of the Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman, The Ladies' Home Journal and half a dozen other periodicals in addition to his particular pet, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, invited the club to the annual convention of the Ad Clubs of the world, to be held in his city next June. I was rather surprised that Mr. Curtis did not speak on his favorite topic, the need of accuracy in advertisements and newspapers, but, perhaps, the warning he had here last winter is still fresh

in his mind. He gave out an interview on this subject of newspaper accuracy, which the Tribune promptly published and emphasized by—in the same story—calling Mr. Curtis publisher of the Philadelphia Inquirer, the bitterest rival of his Public Ledger.

Overheard on a Jitney

"To our ousels as ithers see us" is not always pleasant. But I am sure that our erudite jurists, Judge Reeves (or Rives), Judge Wells of Covina and Judge Gavin Craig, would have been amused, to say the least, could they have overheard the "contempt of court" expressed in a crowded jitney bus the other morning, an account of which a friend has conveyed to me. Two embryo lawyers were discussing their legal text books. Queried one, whose superiority of manner marked him as a senior or a recent "grad." "Have you had Judge Craig yet?" A negative reply elicited this flagrant breach: "Well he's a terror. Wait until he gets the hook in you and breaks it off." Judge Reeves was the next to be arraigned before this student tribunal: "Had Judge Reeves?" Another "no" from the young man, whose unthumbed text books betrayed him as a freshman, brought forth the warning, "He's the limit. Look out for him." Judge Wells' name was next called. "Wells! Is he deep?" "Well, as deep as Wells usually are," was the repartee that followed. And having publicly arraigned and tried these sage jurists the informal jitney bus court dispersed at one of the down-town street corners.

Mrs. Coonley Ward's Big Heart

One of Chicago's really remarkable women has been honoring Los Angeles and Pasadena with her presence the past week. I allude to Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward, who is enjoying the winter at La Jolla, whither she returned Thursday. To Mrs. Ward's large-hearted interest in their development of personal expression scores of persons who have achieved artistic success in the last quarter of a century owe much. When she saw merit struggling on repeated occasions she has proved a beneficent angel, encouraging by word and deed flagging spirits and discouraged genius. In her summer home at Wyoming, New York, there is hardly a villager that does not speak gratefully of what she has meant to that community, uplifting it by example and precept until her name has become a household word. In a civic way, too, the town has benefited, for Mrs. Ward's liberality has enriched the place artistically in many directions. I could not begin to enumerate the activities in which she delights and all of an unselfish, public-spirited character. Her's is a true poetic nature. Years ago I had the pleasure of printing contributions from her charming pen and on my poetry shelf is a small volume "Under the Pines" that contains several score of her poetic offerings. I always liked her introductory verse; it seemed to reflect her kindly, generous heart:

My little book, your lines were born
In rifts of busy times;
No travail pains of solitude
Brought forth these simple rhymes.
They have no plan, no moral hid,
No prize for one who delves;
They came from out a happy heart,
And seemed to sing themselves.

Coming Tussle for District Attorneyship

Politics certainly are looking up hereabouts. Not the hottest local contests this fall are to be concerned with national issues. Already, the district attorneyship is looming up as a battle royal for which will be fought as spirited a tussle as that of two years ago, when Thomas Lee Woolwine gained a remarkable victory over Joseph Ford. One opponent for Tom already is in the field, Ralph Graham, who, like Ford, was one of Capt. Fredericks' deputies when the captain held the district attorneyship. Graham served four years in the office and in addition was extremely active in affairs at Whittier. His friends, I hear, are already engaged in active organization work in his behalf. Probably, Graham is but the first of a large number of aspirants who will be heard from, but Tom Woolwine upon his excellent record in office, should have little difficulty in gaining the endorsement of the voters for a second term.

Noted Amateur Woman Architect

There are few women who have so useful and broadening a hobby as had the late Mrs. Charles H. Peirson, whose death at Monrovia last week so saddened her many friends in Southern California. Mrs. Peirson was an amateur architect of decidedly original bent and the ideal home life which centered about her was always, of recent years, in a fitting dwelling of her own designing. The handsome Monrovia house in which she breathed her last was the fifth that Mrs. Peirson had planned since the family returned to California a few years ago and Charlie became associated with the Southern California Edison Company. Mrs. Peirson had been in poor health for a long time but she found compensation in her quiet life in her beautiful home, surrounded by her books and seren in her happy domestic life.

Able Practical Scientist to Leave Us

P. Max Kuehnrich tells me that he expects to go to Chicago before long to follow his bent along the lines of scientific research in baking by becoming identified as a partner with the Wahl Efficiency Institute of Baking in Chicago. Also, he plans to organize a health food corporation in New York which will launch a national exploitation of a certain food element. Max should be well supplied with the sinews of war for his bread battle, for he has recently sold several valuable Los Angeles properties, one of sixty feet of Spring street frontage for which I hear the Thomas Higgins Estate paid him \$300,000, and the old Belasco Theater property (now the Republic) on Main street, the purchaser of which was Ralph Granger, president of the Merchants National Bank of San Diego, who

also took two other close-in lots from Mr. Kuehnrich, the approximate consideration for the parcels being \$225,000. I believe Max B. Arnold, the realty broker, is given credit for making the notable sales. Mr. Kuehnrich returned here from Munich only a few months ago, where he has been treasurer of the American Red Cross work in Germany. He acted as a special envoy from Ambassador Gerard to the state department at Washington on his return. His many Los Angeles friends wish Max success in his eastern ventures.

Salut, General Owens!

When Governor Johnson, the other day, appointed Madison T. Owens of Whittier a brigadier general, retired, of the National Guard of California—an appointment, by the way, which its modest recipient has not announced publically—he not only honored a faithful worker in the Progressive party cause, but he likewise rewarded in this way a man who knows not a little about the national guard and has done his individual best to assist in its improvement. Judge Owens was for several years a major in the guard, commanding, I believe, the southern division of the signal corps and his work did not consist merely of discharging paper duties. Many a time Major Owens with a handful of men climbed Old Baldy or other snowy summit for the purpose of improving the work of the corps by actual field signal practice. In the nineties General Owens was police judge of Los Angeles, before he removed to Whittier, of which town he is one of the pioneers, and he has always continued to be one of the most popular and respected members of the Jonathan Club here. His vocation is the law but it is, perhaps, as an enthusiastic lover of the great outdoors that Judge Owens is more generally thought of by his friends. For years his private summer camp at Lake Tahoe was always a port of call for southern anglers making the lake trip but last summer the judge abandoned Tahoe for the wilder coast mountains. Although his active days with the national guard may be over, I venture to say that the opening of many fishing seasons to come will find this genial disciple of Isaac Walton "whipping" a promising trout stream.

May be a Mayoralty Barkis

Although C. E. Sebastian has served less than half of his term as mayor of Los Angeles, there is already a looking-forward on the part of a portion of the public toward the next municipal election and I hear that Thomas E. Gibbon is being carefully groomed by his friends for the mayoralty contest. Whether or not he is giving encouragement to the quiet work in his behalf does not appear. As the municipal primaries are not until April, 1917, it is a little early for him to commit himself. His excellent work as a member of the harbor commission is a recommendation of his value as a public servant and those who remember his independence when he was the ostensible owner of the old Morning Herald and declined to follow the dictates of the supposedly real owner, Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, cannot doubt he would make a strong city executive. If he should become a candidate I wonder where the Times will stand?

Railroad Folder Work of Art

In its latest folder the Southern Pacific has adopted one of the cleverest expedients I think I have ever noticed for calling attention to the scenic attractions along its lines. On a profile map of the Pacific coast states there have been inserted little photographs, fifty or more of them, giving glimpses of the wonders to be found in the particular vicinity of the point where they appear. Pictorially and descriptively the folder is a delightful example of the best in the line of railroad literature. The pictures are by no means confined to those on the unique map and they are distributed without favor along the Southern Pacific lines from New Orleans to Seattle. It is this sort of publicity work on the part of the railroads which has been so great a contributing factor in the upbuilding of the west.

K. of C. Fiesta Highly Successful

Los Angeles has a new daily paper and it is an extremely good one, thoroughly covering the field which it aspires to fill. It is "The Mid-Knight Sun, a Knightly paper nightly published" and is the official organ of that old-time Fiesta which the Knights of Columbus have been making so successful this week at their Flower street clubhouse. The paper chronicles the events, past, present and future, of that lively entertainment and its existence will end with the close of the "big show" tonight. Great credit is due Joe Scott, chairman, George A. J. Howard, secretary, and the other hard-working members of the K. of C. executive committee for what they have accomplished. Mr. Howard, especially, should be congratulated on the fine program which he provided Thursday evening. It was a real musical treat, with the Orpheus Club, that famous local organization of sixty male singers, as the principal attraction. G. Allan Hancock was present with the valuable cello which he knows so well how to use. William E. Strobbridge was at the piano and Arthur Perry took the violin parts in Mr. Hancock's trio. It was a diversified program, others appearing being Margaret Jarman, a mezzo-soprano soloist of grand opera fame; Lillian Powers, pianiste; Carter De Haven and Flo Parker, singers and dancers; Holmes Bishop, baritone, and Marie G. Bishop, soprano; Smiling Billy Mason; Harry Booker, Irish comedian and Wally Moran, ragtime singers. But it was by no means the only fine program of the week; every evening was a joyous one and from the response of the public it is evident that the object of the fiesta, to raise funds for the entertainment of visitors at the big Knights of Columbus convention here next summer, has been realized.

Modern science says alcohol inhibits the control of the emotions by the mind. "In vino veritas" was the shorter way the old Romans expressed the same idea.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

AT Clifford Lott's recital Thursday of last week at the Friday Morning clubhouse, a musician closely in touch with musical conditions in New York and Boston whispered to me that Mr. Lott's work was fully on a par with the best those cities had to offer, referring to their resident teachers and singers. And I do not doubt this is true. Mr. Lott has a vocal and mental equipment which would give him standing in any musical community. And the size of his audience at this recital was a testimonial to the fact that Los Angeles music lovers so recognize it. With just a touch of Italian and a group of German he sensibly gave the body of his program in its native English. One of the best things of the evening was the first number, the "Honor and Arms" from Handel's "Samson," an aria that keeps its interest, no matter how much one sings it or how many times one hears it. Following these came a group in English. Two songs by John Alden Carpenter showed why that composer is being sung by the better class of artists all over the country. These, with the "Native Land" of Hugo Kaun, formerly of Milwaukee, were the most interesting offerings of the evening from the richness of their harmonization. The Italians used to write songs for the voice; the modern composer writes his for the pianoforte. And so the modern work lives or dies by what the accompaniment is. If a composer were to write as good vocalization opportunities as are found in the old Italian song and with the same loose, and naive harmonies ambling along at regular intervals, he might sing it himself, no one else would. But if he write a brilliant piano piece with modern oddities of harmony and scale and then put over it a more or less disjected series of tones as a tune—behold! a down-to-date "song."

However, this is not supposed to be a disquisition on song structure but simply to tell how well Mr. Lott presented his program. I never heard him sing better, with solid tone or more in consonance with the mood of the composer in hand. A friend who had not heard him for eight years declared "he has grown wonderfully—much broader in style and more mature." And I agreed with him. Especially in the "Just So" songs of Edward German (whose name is Jones, and who is having trouble with his pen name in England, just now). The text by Kipling was presented by Mr. Lott with a clearness of diction that was pleasing, especially so in light of the fact that only by the use of occult powers can one ordinarily discover that a singer is, or thinks he is, singing English. These songs are of an intimate nature and are better fitted for a small room where all the audience is close to the singer and can catch every expression of voice and countenance. The representative of the band of local composers on this program was Waldo F. Chase, whose "Butterfly" song called out plaudits for the composer as well as for the singer. It was natural that Mrs. Lott should be the background for Mr. Lott's recital—in fact, I think Mr. Lott was wise to have it so, for more reasons than one. With her constant and daily musical work with Mr. Lott there has come to be a unity of feeling such as would result in a vocalist's playing his own accompaniments, the two in one artistic unity.

Starting with the presentation of Montemezzi's "Amore dei Tre Rei" and the ballet "Snowflakes" Monday evening, the one week's Los Angeles engagement of the Boston Opera Company and the Pavlowa Ballet will open at the Mason Opera House. This notable opera and the same ballet will be repeated Saturday evening. Tuesday and Thursday evenings the Japanese prima donna, Tamaki Miura, will appear as Cio-Cio-San in "Madame Butterfly," the opera to be followed by the Spanish ballet. Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee "La Boheme" will be heard, with Maggie Teyte, the delightful English soprano, and Riccardo Martin, who is already well known here, in the principal parts. Wednesday evening "La

Boheme" will be followed by the "Walpurgis Night" ballet from Faust, while at the Saturday matinee the Spanish ballet will be given. At the Wednesday matinee the opera company will give "Pagliacci," followed by "Coppelia" in two acts by the Pavlowa Ballet Russe. At the farewell performance Saturday evening there will be a gala performance with ballet. It will include the second act from "Carmen," "Orfeo" in mimi-choreographic form and the first act of "Pagliacci." Pavlowa and her entire Ballet Russe will appear at every performance. The Boston Opera Company is a notable organization and the an-

an anonymous donor, in so wealthy a city as Los Angeles there should be no great delay in raising the other \$250,000 necessary to build a symphony hall. Mr. Hancock offered land for the building, but in a location four or five miles from the city center—which would tend to reduce symphony audiences seriously. It is not decided whether to plan a building for the orchestra only or to include other halls and rental studios. The former plan is much easier to carry out, but the latter has more prospects of revenue. Whichever plan is chosen, with the project in so capable hands there is all prospect of its being carried to a favorable conclusion.

Estelle Heartt Dreyfus has arranged for Mrs. Randall Hutchinson to act as color harmonist for her coming recitals. Mrs. Dreyfus feels that the harmony of her stage setting is as important as any other detail of her concert. Mrs. Dreyfus and Mrs. Hutchinson have worked together planning programs for the Friday Morning Club for two years. At the first of Mrs. Dreyfus' three concerts,

audience was not the one seen at the symphony concerts or the Philharmonic concerts. It was made up largely of that large portion of the public which knows the following list of names—and responds to the roll-call, rather than to the music: Melba, Paderewski, Kubelik, Eames—and which would fill the house to "hear" Patti. Reminiscent of Melba's operatic days was the "mad scene" from Thomas' "Hamlet," repeated from her last September program. Others of her numbers were modern and were of the quiet lyric order rather than coloratura. In this style was the "Prayer" from Verdi's "Othello." Mme. Melba makes her programs with judgment and takes no chances on the audience's discovery that she is not still in her prime as a coloratura singer. The result is that she has more recalls than she can answer and the audience can not get enough of her singing. Moreover, she is wise in carrying solo pianist and harpist, as well as accompanist, thus presenting a program of more variety and delivering the audience from that trial of soul, two hours of one performer. Frank St. Leger was the piano soloist; his work was mentioned in these columns on his former Melba appearance. The harpist was Miss Sassoli, one of New York's prominent harpists, who, though a charming player is not to be classed in the same rank with our symphony harpist, S. R. Valenza. But the feminine harp soloist always will "have the pull" on the sympathies of an audience from the pretty picture any fairly good looking woman makes when playing that instrument. The absence of Mr. Puyans was regrettable, as destroying the possibility for presentation of the unusual flute, harp and piano combinations.

Recently, a little whirlpool was created in the local musical tea-pot by an article which appeared in the New York Musical Courier from the Los Angeles correspondent, in which mention was made of the local composers' program presented before the Friday Morning Club. In this article the sheep were divided from the goats and those who had considered themselves sheep of the first quality of wool found that they simply were among the goats—and not even Angoras at that. The composers were divided into "two classes: those who do it by guess work and those who possess real technical knowledge of composition." And now each one of the dozen composers is trying to figure out just which class he (or she) belongs in, according to the New York classification, with the exception, I should mention, of Messrs. Spencer, Pemberton, Grunn, Mason and Miss Dillon, who were admitted to be of the "know how" class.

The idea of presenting the "Messiah" in a locality unused to music of that pretensions was an excellent one and well carried out by the choir of the First M. E. church under Carl Bronson. This thing of having all the good music west of Main is very nice for those who attend symphony concerts and Melba recitals; but those who think they are doing missionary work when they give recitals and concerts at the club houses and auditoriums are doing about as much as the preacher who writes a nice little essay in his study. The real missionary work in music is to carry good music to the people who have little or no opportunity to hear it, whose whole idea of music is gathered from canned rag time and the automatic pianos at the five-cent picture houses. The man who wants to do the most musical good with his money in Los Angeles will arrange two or three concert halls in the poorer districts, will have concerts by small orchestras and choruses and solos for the people in their vernacular—some of them speak English—and all this at an admission fee of perhaps, five cents, just to save the self respect of the attendants. Such an application would do more for the musical and social good of the city than to hire Paderewski to give half a dozen free recitals—west of Main.

At Symphony hall last Saturday night Mrs. Edith H. Andrews, soprano, pupil of Blanche P. Barbour, gave a recital number of songs of varied styles, all in English. Her enunciation was clear and distinct and her tone quality pleasing, in both of which features she was a decided credit to her teacher. The assisting musicians were Helene Mountain, violinist, and Irene Frederickson, pianist.

It is announced the Matinee Musicale Club will give a prize of \$25 for the best composition submitted before May 1. Anyone who was not successful in getting the \$10,000 opera prize now has a chance at \$25, anyway at \$10, the second



MAGGIE TEYTE, LYRIC SOPRANO, BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

nouncement of this engagement in conjunction with the noted dancer is the most important one that has been made in Los Angeles this season.

Henri La Bonte, who was so well received when he assisted Melba in a concert at San Diego Tuesday, will be the soloist at the second morning musical to be held in the ball room of the Alexandria March 14. Miss Olga Steeb, the well-known virtuoso, will be the pianist. Mr. La Bonte will be accompanied by Will Garroway. The enthusiastic reception of the first program at the Alexandria by a representative Los Angeles audience indicates that the musicals will become an established feature in the social as well as the musical life of the city.

Good news it is to music lovers that active efforts are being made toward the formation of a Symphony building fund. At a luncheon given at the Alexandria by Mrs. A. C. Bilicke last Monday the project was broached to those present, who included Dr. Norman Bridge, Stoddard Jess, R. A. Rowan, A. J. Waters, Maurice Hellman, Louis M. Cole, G. Allan Hancock, Frank Patterson, Adolf Tandler, J. C. Fitzgerald, W. I. Hollingsworth, W. J. Dodd, and Mesdames Dean Mason, R. R. Blacker, Irving Ingraham and Walter Raymond. As all of these are symphony enthusiasts there was no coolness exhibited toward the project, as presented by Dr. Bridge, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mr. Patterson and others. With a nucleus of a \$50,000 subscription announced by Dr. Norman Bridge, from

to be presented this afternoon in the Little Theater, Sigmund Beel will be the assisting artist, while Mrs. M. Hennion Robinson will be the accompanist. Mr. Beel, who is well known locally because of his position as concert master of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, is particularly interested in the subject of this first recital, which is "Folk Themes." Mrs. Dreyfus will follow this program with another matinee, March 25, entitled "Ballad Forms," and a soiree at 8:30 p. m., April 11, when the subject will be "Opera Airs." The matinees will begin at 2:30 o'clock.

Saturday evening, March 18, the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will make its next appearance, in a popular concert at Trinity Auditorium. Mrs. Catherine Shank, soprano, will appear in the vocal work, singing Bishop's "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," while Axel Simonsen will play an arrangement of the Jewish air "Kol Nedrei," especially fitted to the cello by Max Bruch. The orchestra also will introduce a new local composer, Morton F. Mason, whose Overture in C will be given for the first time.

Mrs. Armstrong proved her popularity in Los Angeles last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Armstrong being Mme. Melba. This was her second appearance in Los Angeles this season, and her audience probably was the record one for Trinity. Every possible location for a chair or a standee was occupied and for once "Bee" had no tale of hard luck and the local non-appreciation of his efforts in bringing artists to Los Angeles. The

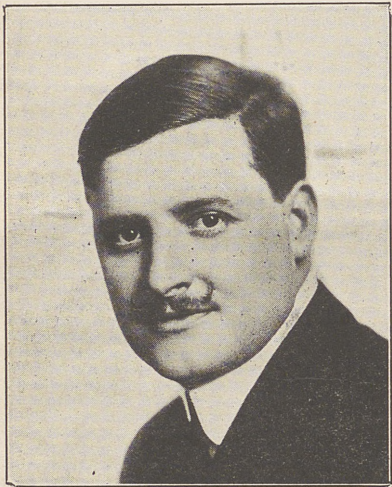
prize. With emoluments like this in view, certainly Los Angeles offers a golden field for the "local composer." Small wonder it is that the musical ranks daily are enlarged by additions from eastern communities where Art (capital "A," please) is not so encouraged. But



Blanche Hennion Robinson

at any rate, the \$25 will supply someone with his or her 1916 supply of music paper.

Recital of Lillian Powers and Herman Seidell, Friday night of last week at Blanchard hall, showed a program of large scope and general musical interest. Miss Powers offered piano numbers by Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Liszt and Mendelssohn, and in these numbers had ample opportunity in which to display



Henri La Bonte

her musical powers to the best advantage. Violin numbers were given by Wieniawski, Tchaikowsky and Kreisler. Mr. Seidell is now the second violin of the Brahms quintet, where he proves himself a capable player as well as soloist. Heinrich Tandler assisted at the piano in the violin numbers.

Dr. Meyer to Lecture

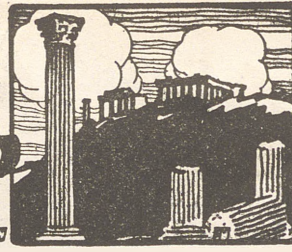
Dr. Kuno Meyer, one of the world's foremost Celtic scholars and for thirty years a resident professor in English universities, is to deliver a lecture Wednesday evening, March 8, at Blanchard Hall, under the auspices of the Deutscher Klub of Los Angeles. Dr. Meyer's topic will be "England and Germany Before the War," and it is announced he will discuss his subject from the philosophical and historical rather than the biased and partisan viewpoint. Dr. Meyer is now on his way to Los Angeles, after lecturing at the universities of Columbia, John Hopkins, Chicago, Cornell, Urbana and California.

Current School Notes

Lord Dunsany's "The Golden Doom" will be read at four o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at Cumnock Hall, by Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, the famous author, lecturer, educator and writer. Mrs. Baker is to deliver two lectures, and read four plays at Cumnock in the next three weeks. Friday evening at eight o'clock Mrs. Baker will read "Fanny's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw. Shaw "let himself go" in the writing of this play more than he has in any other recent production, and has produced an unforgettable satire on dramatic criticism, which forms the framework for a typical topsy-turvy Shavian comedy.



Art



Calendar for Week Mar. 6 to Mar. 11

Museum Main Gallery—First Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painters.

Museum Print Room—Anders Zorn; Etchings.

Kanst's Art Gallery—Canvases by Birge Harrison and students.

Metropolitan Building, Sixth Floor—Fifth Exhibition by Southern California Chapter of American Institute of Architects.

Raymond Gould Shop—324 West Fifth. Italian Objects d'Art.

O'Hara & Livermore—253 East Colorado, Pasadena—Art Gifts for all Occasions.

Huntington Hotel, Oak Knoll—Max Weizorek, Portraits; Warren E. Rollins' Canvases.

Bentz Art Rooms—213 West Fourth. Old Chinese Porcelains.

Pasadena—Guy Rose Paintings.

By Mary M. Dubois

MARCH is the month of spring openings and Exposition Park is not behind in its offering. Today the First Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painters will be opened to the devotees of art in Los Angeles and it promises to be a rare treat to those who are so isolated from the academies and salons of the eastern centers. From New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the surrounding districts come canvases which will hold deep interest for such and which will give artists of Los Angeles a chance to greet and study old friends again.

Simultaneous with this exhibition Anders Zorn's etchings are to be found in the print room. Very vital are they, strong in execution and alive with imagination. This Swedish artist is not a stranger here as he has exhibited in this country for many years. Those who are familiar with the strong, vigorous brush work shown in his canvases will be surprised and delighted at the versatility of this artist. One would scarcely believe it possible that the same hand which controlled the delicacy of line evident in these etchings handles the brush in the broad, masterly stroke that is so much a part of his canvases. This same vigor of line he used too, at times, in the etchings and then for subtle renderings look at "The Three Graces" and "Delaro." The nude seems to be a favorite with Zorn and always are they beautifully drawn and modeled. This is real flesh, too robust at times, but always pliable.

"The Three Graces" are of rare charm and suggestiveness. In this the artist uses the same light line for figures and water, yet what a difference is the result in the quality of these. One is conscious of the pliability of the flesh in the figures and of the vivid sparkle of the water. In the latter he has given so much movement with little effort. This is charming yet even more so is "L'ete" which contains all the buoyancy of youth in the nude figure of the young woman. There is a fine control of line in the vigorous strokes in the surrounding foliage. Breton's "Meadow Lark" comes to mind in viewing this. There is the same fine abandonment in the figure of the young woman.

Much strength is felt in the head of "Prof. John Berg." The figure is drawn with a few telling lines and the spacing is very pleasing. Mrs. Grover Cleveland is here and Grover Cleveland. The latter is etched with clean, strong, definite lines and a fine solidity is felt in the figure. "Princess Margaret, Crown Princess of Sweden," shows the head and figure in shadow against the high light of a window. This is a favorite position of Zorn's, the difficulty of which he seems successfully to overcome, and obtains clear shadows depending in these subjects on light and shade for interest rather than grace of line, for which etchings were primarily intended.

"Betty Mautsen" presents the same technical difficulty with figure en masse against a bright light. Again the shadows remain clean and the face strong in modeling. An interesting character is portrayed in "An Old Soldier," with fine feeling for textures. "Hartang" is suggestive of an idle summer day with stretches of sea and rocks against which

is shown the slim figure of a young girl. "The Traveling Companion" is more rugged in treatment in sympathy with the subject and is handled in Zorn's more vigorous manner. There is fine quality of line in "Augustus St. Gaudens" and delicacy of treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis is harmonious in composition, good in values and the statue in the background well rendered in half light.

"Delaro" is delightfully easy in pose. The halting attitude of the nude figure as she steps cautiously through the water, is most attractive. How few are the lines used to give the effect of glistening water! "The Fence" is full of sparkle, clear and briefly told. "Precipice" is delightfully sympathetic. "Sang-pallen" is fine in values and the nude figure is in Zorn's best manner. The portrait of Wm. H. Taft is masterly in execution. There is a most attractive nude in "The Hair Ribbon." This is a beautiful figure, extremely well drawn. The background is in vigorous lines and throws the figure well into relief. "The Ford" shows a young woman crossing the stream. The water is full of fine reflections and the surrounding foliage has much charm in its warmth of color.

Guy Rose's canvases have been taken from the west wall in the main gallery at Exposition Park and will be exhibited at "The Gift Shop," Pasadena, from March 6 to 20.

Forty canvases are being shown at Kanst Gallery which represent eighteen painters from the Woodstock group of which Birge Harrison has until recently been the head. This is one of the oldest schools of landscape in the east. The headquarters are in and about the little village of Woodstock near Albany. In these ideal surroundings with paintable material at every turn, some of the best artists in the country have held forth, sketching both summer and winter and found all seasons equally alluring whether covered in its summer dress of green or in its mantle of snow.

Birge Harrison sends several canvases: "The Hidden Moon," "Morning on the Delaware," "Sunset Clouds" and "The Lovers," all painted in this artist's subtle, realistic manner. "Morning on the Delaware" is broadly executed, grey and misty in atmosphere, with lucid reflections in the grey water. "The Lovers" is a twilight scene. The lights glow from the windows in the old farm house and lovers are discerned in the subdued light of early evening. This has a quiet appeal.

John Folinsee's two canvases are decidedly pleasing. "The New England Cottage" has lovely color in low gray tones and intimate atmosphere pervades the canvas. Interesting shadows play here and there and make charming reflections on the old house. "Morning Calm" is pleasing in its simplicity of composition. Here is a wide stretch of sea in the gray blue of summer's calm. A solitary yacht presents a bit of interest and rocks at the end of the canvas give balance to the whole.

Carl Eric Linden's large canvas of "September Sunset" hangs in the center of the wall. The glow from the sun casts a warm reflection on the water and tells of lingering summer heat. Edmond Rolf's "Disappearing Snow" shows a pale, cold sky while a rose tint is cast on the snow from an evening sky.

Allen Cochran paints a woody scene that shows vigor in handling and is full of sunlight. Mr. Goodwin exhibits four interesting canvases. He is not one of the Woodstock colony but an eastern artist and an acquisition to this collection which will remain until March 11 when canvases of F. W. Cuprien will take their place.

MUSICAL MORNING

Direction Henri La Bonte

Miss Olga Steeb, Pianist
Mr. Henri La Bonte, Tenor

Ball Room, Hotel Alexandria
March 14, 11 a. m.

Tickets One Dollar

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By Robert O. Foote

LIKE much maidenly badinage, "Believe Me, Xantippe," is a little thin in substance, but decidedly provocative of rippling laughter. The comedy, as the billing calls it, or farce, as it really is, is of the type of entertainment which has been found most successful since Morosco moved his stock company to the Morosco Theater, where the piece is running this week. There are no serious moments in "Believe Me, Xantippe," for audiences refuse to take solemnly even such situations as when a beautiful western girl is capturing an imitation eastern criminal and a western bad man, or when the aforesaid near-forger from effete New York makes love to her. Such portions of the play as are not pure comedy or light farce become broad burlesque, for merriment is the motif of the entire concoction and even intense efforts of the actors will not permit them to escape the farcical atmosphere. Not that undue seeking after earnestness is manifested by the company, which is enjoying a joyous holiday from its unalloyed melodrama of a painfully recent past, and it frankly likes the change. "Believe Me, Xantippe" is built on a plot that any child could understand from a casual spelling out of the program, yet it is a rather novel idea, that of sending a young man—who backs his poor opinion of the long arm of the law with a bet of the usual stage proportions on his ability to elude officers for a year—out to the west and having him captured by the pretty daughter of a Colorado sheriff, only for him to win her love and, incidentally, the money of his friends whose faith in the established order of police protection was too great. Edmund Lowe must have been a model child, his humble way of saying "Yes, ma'am," and sitting down when his spit-fire captor bids him is one of the sure situations of the evening. Lowe's powers of comedy are, perhaps, superior to those he displays in more important vehicles and in "Believe Me, Xantippe," his love-making, usually a weak-point with him, is so much a matter of course—Carroll McComas is the pretty heroine—that it is as convincing as is required by the lightness of the whole entertainment. Miss McComas is delightful to look upon in her mountain clothes, but the finish of her performance was marred, early in the week, by her tendency to hesitate over her lines. Frank Darien and James Corrigan have much fun out of the scenes in the county jail and, one is tempted to suspect, out of their make-up boxes, the results being surprising in the extreme. The cast is small, but the play is long. However, it is a production well calculated to afford what most people seek in the theater, mental relaxation.

"Mutt and Jeff" at the Mason

With little to justify it except an evident desire on a part of the public for such entertainment, "Mutt and Jeff in College" is holding forth at the Mason Opera House this week. The comic strip comedians on the stage seem to bring only the coarser humor of the Bud Fisher characters, lacking the semi-occasional flash of real wit which the cartoonist instills into the pen and ink pictures. It is a noisy production, with a number of girls over whose beauty opinions may differ; many songs, several of them tuneful, and a line of jokes which, in these days of motion picture nomenclature, may best be described as "second run." Mutt and Jeff, as seen in this Gus Hill show, are, undoubtedly, a strong enough drawing card in the one-night stands where a little singing is welcomed after a too steady diet of canned drama, but it is a class of entertainment for which the larger cities lost their taste several years ago. Jerry Sullivan is small enough to be naturally diverting as Jeff. The other principals nearly all hamper whatever other abilities they may have by a regrettable tendency to enunciate through their noses.

Orpheum's Offerings Average Well

With a few high lights to lift the bill as a whole out of the vale of mediocrity the Orpheum offering this week averages well. In pleasing relief is the "song revue" of Joseph Howard, composer of many popular song hits. With

the assistance of Ethelwyn Clark, Mr. Howard resurrects a number of his most tuneful melodies from the hazy past and tops the lilting tunes with his latest composition, which bids successfully for popularity. The act is well arranged and the songs are interspersed with a pleasing patter. Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel, is heartily welcomed by his host of admirers, old and new. Bright, snappy jokes, with a quirk at the end, and a recitative or two make up his offering, which is one of the best of the bill. Eddie Cantor and Al Lee, comedians, inject a bit of "pep" in the general program, their jokes and patter finding an occasional unarmored spot in the risibles of the audience. A clamor for more follows one of Cantor's songs, enhanced by a bit of comedy stuff. In "His Wife's Mother," Emmet Devoy & Company present a pleasing little sketch which places a converse construction on the mother-in-law problem as it is generally depicted. Mang & Snyder, master athletes, add a variety to the week's bill, their act being marked by show of herculean strength and athletic skill. Marie Bishop, violinist, appeals to the music lovers of the audience with several rendered numbers. Charles (Chic) Sale in character portrayals in "A Country School Entertainment," and the Metropolitan Dancing Girls, retained from last week, with new motion pictures complete the bill. Of local interest in the Pathe views is the picture of John McGroarty, author of the California Mission Play, who is shown at his desk.

Popular Play at the Morosco

So popular has "Believe Me, Xantippe" been at the Morosco Theater that the management is undetermined whether to continue this clever little comedy for another week or put on the next scheduled attraction, the famous detective play "The Argyle Case." The decision will be announced today. Whether "The Argyle Case" comes next week or the week after, when it is presented Morosco patrons will have the opportunity of seeing one of the most finished dramas of its class ever produced. It was a great New York success and the production here, according to the Morosco standard, will be fully up to that of the original.

Offerings on the Screen

Free from the silly mushiness which spoils so many photodramas, presenting a strong story of the desert and with photography which is unusually beautiful, "The Aryan," the Thomas H. Ince photoplay which was put on at the Majestic this week instead of the announced "Hell's Hinges," is one of the finest pieces of work that this notable director has ever produced. It is a tale of a strong man who battles the desert for its gold and wins, only to lose his reward to one of the female birds of prey who lie in wait for such as he. Losing his faith in womanhood he returns to the barren sands there to sink lower and lower until his downward slide is arrested by a slip of sweet girlhood who restores him to manhood. W. S. Hart ordinarily is seen as a law-breaker rather than as a victim of their wiles. In either role he is a strong actor and he does excellent work in "The Aryan." He is fortunate in having the assistance of Bessie Love, the little girl first seen in "The Flying Torpedo," who in this western play proves that she is entitled to the film honors which the Triangle people have given her.

Telling a story not equal to the original John Fox novel but vastly superior to the play in its stage version, the photodrama "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" has proved an attractive offering this week at the Woodley Theater. Charlotte Walker, who had the lead when the play was a success on Broadway, New York, likewise has the role of June in the picture and she gives the same finished performance, but one which, lacking the appeal lines of the original, does not seem to kindle the responsive sympathy and love she awakened in the speaking play. Theodore Roberts as Devil Judd Tolliver, the fearless feudist of the mountains, does as superb bits of acting as have ever been seen on the screen. His work is full of the realism which makes one carry away the pictures he has created. The sup-

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"Out of the Drifts"

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Two Mack Sennett Keystones

Weber and Fields In "Worst of Enemies"

Chester Conklin in "Dizzy Heights and Daring Deeds"

Popular Prices, 25c, 15c, 10c. Loges 35c. Shows from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.

MAJESTIC THEATER

TRIANGLE PLAYS

WEEK BEGINNING MARCH 6

WILLIAM COLLIER

In a Thomas H. Ince Comedy "THE NO-GOOD GUY"

Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle In a Mack Sennett Keystone

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port, also, is good, particularly the work of Earl Fox and of Thomas Meighan. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" has been one of the best liked of modern stories and it is likely to gain even greater popularity in its film form.

There are plenty of thrills in "The Yellow Passport" for Clara Kimball Young to pass on to her audience and while this photoplay drama at Tally's Broadway Theater this week may not be the best thing this actress, by many regarded as the most capable appearing before the camera, has done, nevertheless it makes an exciting, if hardly pleasing play. The film version is based on "The Yellow Ticket," a stage success seen here last summer in stock. The story has been considerably altered, not to its detriment, however. The massacre in a Russian city, with which the play opens, is a spectacular bit, while the efforts of a pure young woman equipped with the badge of shame, to make her way about the world afford opportunities for the usual tense scenes of any Russian-Jewish drama. Mr. Tally has made considerable of a hit with the excellent war views which he is showing at his theater.

There are too many cross currents in "Cross Currents," the Fine Art photoplay at the Burbank this week. It is a case of a slushy, unconvincing story presented with fine art by an actress who is a master of her profession. Helen Ware is the star of the play, in the familiar role of an older sister who sacrifices her love that a younger girl may not be denied the man she has come to worship. The picture is too long arriving at its strong moments, but when it does get there it is a mighty good photoplay. "A Submarine Pilot," regarded by many picture lovers as the best comedy the Keystone has recently produced, is repeating the success at the Burbank which it achieved when first shown at the Majestic.

For those who demand in their photoplays not merely the dramatic "punch" but the physical one as well there is joy this week at Miller's Theater. William Farnum, the champion pugilist of the film world, is literally "Fighting Blood" in the William Fox feature of that name. He appears as a militant mountain man of the cloth and his duties as parson being rudely interrupted he proceeds to demonstrate that he has been a firm believer in preparedness. It is a story which really does possess something more than Farnum's fistic ability and Dorothy Bernard, she used to be Dot Bernard in the days of the old Belasco stock company here, makes a most lovable heroine, for whom any man, even lacking Farnum's training, would be willing to put up a good fight.

Novelties Coming to Orpheum

Nine big acts will appear on the Orpheum bill opening with the Monday matinee—one more than usual. The bill is topped by America's favorite dancer, Bessie Clayton, the one American who has captured Paris and obtained a government contract there. With Lester Sheehan and her incomparable sextette she will put on a review series of "The Dances of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." A new play to be given by Brandon Hurst and company is called "The Girl," although no girl figures in it, as to actuality, but the plot hinges upon her. Billy McDermott, who admits he is the only survivor of Coxey's army and has the rags to prove it, will talk on many subjects. Tom Smith and Ralph Austin proposed to prove to their audiences that they are "All Fun." Lambert in addition to being a clever actor and imitator is also a musician, playing the works of the great masters while impersonating them. The Five Kitsmuras, expert Japanese Risley and tumbling artists, and Ed. Corelli and Charles Gillette, an odd pair of funmakers, are also new; while Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel, and Cantor and Lee are to stay over. The orchestral concerts and Pathe News Views will complete the program. A notable Orpheum announcement is of the coming of Gertrude Hoffman and her company of 50, for two weeks beginning March 20 in "Sumurun." Mail orders for seats will be accepted by the Orpheum next week.

"Black List" at Woodley's

Without attempting to teach a lesson or force a conclusion, "The Black List," in which Blanche Sweet is to be featured at the Woodley Theater next week, claims to present a picture of conditions as they exist or have existed in the coal fields. The picture has been given a fine production under the able hands of Cecil B. DeMille. In it Miss Sweet as Vera Maroff, a young school teacher and member of a secret society,

draws the black bean which elects her to kill the owner of the mines, but because she is in love with him she cannot nerve herself to the deed. She does finally succeed in shooting and wounding him but before she can turn the pistol on herself he overcomes her and the photoplay ends with a promise of marriage and reforms. It is said to be a remarkably strong Paramount offering.

"Out of the Drifts" at Superba

Everywhere that motion pictures are shown, and that is everywhere, Marguerite Clark is one of the most popular of film stars, but in Los Angeles her sway is particularly great—she has even outdrawn Mary Pickford on several occasions. Therefore, the Superba Theater in presenting the dainty Marguerite next week in "Out of the Drifts," is offering an attraction that is almost sure to crowd the house. In this photoplay amid ice and snow and the solitudes of the Swiss Alps and St. Bernard Pass, Miss Clark appears as an Alpine shepherdess, enacting a role of great dramatic power and charm.

"Hell's Hinges" at the Burbank

William S. Hart will be seen as the star of the Thomas H. Ince production "Hell's Hinges" at the Burbank, beginning tomorrow. "Hell's Hinges" is the



BESSIE CLAYTON, DANCER AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

story of an outlaw's redemption and a young preacher's downfall and is said to have been equipped with a new twist such as has never before been screened. Hart is supported by Clara Williams, Louise Glaum, Jack Standing, Alfred Hollingsworth, Robert McKim and others. Victor Schertzinger composed the music for "Hell's Hinges." On the same program Mack Sennett will present Chester Conklin in "Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts," a photoplay said to live up to its name. The famous team of Weber and Fields will be seen in a funny Keystone entitled "The Worst of Enemies."

"No-Good Guy" at the Majestic

Thomas H. Ince will present William Collier in a comedy written for him by C. Gardner Sullivan, entitled "The No-Good Guy" at the Majestic Theater beginning next Monday morning. Unusual interest attaches to this production because it is only the second comedy undertaken by Ince since the inception of the Triangle, the initial offering "Peggy," by the same author, in

which Billie Burke was starred. "The No-Good Guy" is woven around the exploits of Jimmy Coughlan (William Collier), a lazy spendthrift. Mr. Collier's spontaneous humor is ever present. His leading woman is Enid Markey. Mack Sennett will present on the same program the popular stars, Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle, in "Bright Lights," a Keystone comedy that was made in the

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"New York" at Tally's

Florence Reed, the popular film star, will be seen at Tally's Broadway Theater next week, opening Monday, in the photoplay version of the famous play "New York." This picture drama, in which Miss Reed is supported by John Milner, Fania Marinoff, Forrest Winant and Jessie Ralph, has a strong plot, concerned with the blackmailing of a wealthy man by a chorus girl, his raising of his supposed illegitimate child, only to have the grown boy killed by the woman he has married, and then discover that after all it was not his child.

"Marble Heart" at Miller's

What is declared to rank with the greatest pictures William Fox ever produced is to be shown when "The Marble Heart" is put on at Miller's Theater next week, starting Monday. The picture was produced in Kingston, Jamaica. Violet Horner is the featured player and

realism is said to dominate every foot of the film, which presents a tragic domestic drama of strong situations. Miss Horner is surrounded by a good cast, including Walter Miller and as with all William Fox productions no expense has been spared in the making of the picture. The latest Hearst-Vitagraph News, with its comic cartoons, will complete the program.

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

SOCIETY is on the qui vive in delightful anticipation of the brilliant Mardi Gras ball to be given at the Alexandria Monday evening by The Bachelors. The affair promises to be surpassingly beautiful in its appointments and every detail will be carried out in a most lavish fashion, on effort being spared that will tend to make the occasion one of memorable pleasure and resplendency. The acceptances have practically all been received, a few, delayed in transit and because of absences from the city, having yet to be heard from, however. Among those who have accepted are Mr. and Mrs. George W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Ervin S. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Bonsall, Miss Margaret Bundy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Banks, Miss Dorothy Bailey, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Amy Busch, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Barbara Blankenhorn, Miss Katherine Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bayly, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Bernard, Miss Louise Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Dr. and Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick, Mr. Paul Bucklin, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brackenridge, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Miss Inez Clark, Miss Gertrude Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cass, Mr. and Mrs. Leo S. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Miss Emeleen Childs, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. Asa Call, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dudley, Mr. Donald Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Isidore B. Dockweiler, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Drake, Mr. Arden Day, Miss Alice Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mr. Robert Elliott.

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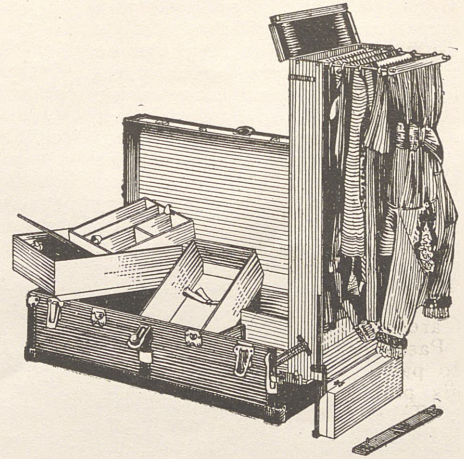
fred Wright, Miss Cardina Winston, Miss Louise Winston, Miss Charlotte Winston, Mr. Perry Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Nutting Wigton, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Walker.

Others from whom acceptances have not been received at the time of The Graphic's going to press include Mr. Arthur Bobrick, Miss Elizabeth Brant, Mrs. M. E. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Miss Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham, Mr. F. M. Bell, Mr. Thomas Brant, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Cook, Miss Lucy Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Titian J. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Mr. Carrol J. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dulin, Miss Carrol Dwight, Miss Mary Doyle, Mrs. Thomas Doyle, Mr. Fritz Demler, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin H. Frank, Miss Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mr. John Garner, Miss Katherine Ginna, Mr. Dana Hogan, Miss Lyda Holcomb, Miss Louise Hunt, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mr. Herbert H. Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh, Miss Wynne Maxon, Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. Marcus Marshall, Mr. Roy Miller of San Francisco, Miss Dorothy Morphy, Miss Marjorie McGowan, Mr. W. H. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, Mr. Henry E. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Mildred Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Coronado; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Miss Rosemary Sartori, Mr. George Sheedy, Miss Caroline Trask, Mr. William Van Fleet, Jr., Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes, Miss Walton, Mrs. P. J. Willis, Mr. Leo Welch, Mrs. Marshall Weilborn, Miss Marion Winston, Mr. Horace Boynton, Mr. Morris A. Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Lucian K. Chase, Miss Myrtle Keith and Mr. A. W. Schumacher. Only a few declinations were received to the much-coveted invitations, these being necessitated by absence from the city or other urgent reasons that made attendance at the brilliant ball impossible.

Amid a wondrous, fairy-like setting of Japanese peach blossoms and feathery greenery the marriage of Miss Ione Eunice Hudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hudson to Mr. Lawrence Todd Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lawrence Baker, this week proved an event of brilliant social interest. The ceremony took place at St. John's Episcopal church, being witnessed by a large number of friends of the two families, both of which are prominent here. The sanctuary was banked with blossoms and the altar was separated from the main part of the edifice by a tiny hedge of boughs. On either side of the church was a trellis of flowers, while ropes of asparagus plumosus marked the aisleway to the altar. Dr. George Davidson, rector of the church, officiated. The pretty bride was attired in a gown of white tulle draped over real lace and satin and falling to the hem of the court train. Her veil was banded to the coiffure with a double strand of pearls, and she carried a shower of rare white orchids and lilies with maidenhair ferns. Her only jewel was a bar pin of platinum and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. She was given away at the altar by her father. Mrs. Guy Boynton, sister of the bridegroom, was matron of honor. She wore a handsome gown of pastel pink tulle and carried a shower of Cecil Bruner roses and ferns. The three bridesmaids, Miss Virginia Dunham, Miss Grace McCormack and Miss Mildred Strong, were also attired in gowns of pink in tones slightly darker than that of the matron of honor. They carried arm bouquets of My Maryland roses. Mr. Guy Boynton served Mr. Baker as best man and the ushers were Mr. Paul Mauer, Mr. Nairn Rivers, Mr. Henry Rivers, Mr. Paul Blenkiron and Mr. Ad-

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kinson Bowden. Following the reading of the marriage service a reception was held for the young bridal couple at the home of the bride's parents on Crenshaw boulevard, members of the bridal party and the two families being guests. The home was artistically decorated with fragrant blossoms and greenery, an effective feature being the profusion of rose petals which fell in a shower from the wedding bells suspended above the bride's table. The centerpiece of the table was a wedding slipper filled with orchids and pink rosebuds. Mr. and Mrs. Baker left later for their wedding trip. They will motor extensively through the state and on their return will make their home at 577 Vermont avenue, where they will receive their friends after April 1.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Halliday of Memphis, Tennessee, an attractively appointed supper party was given last Sunday evening by Mrs. E. W. Halliday and her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing. The affair was given at the home of Mrs. Halliday, 2146 West Adams street, the mother of Mr. W. P. Halliday, whose house-guests the visitors have been since early in January. The home was artistically arranged with a profusion of spring flowers and greenery. Small tables were used in conjunction with the larger one which bore a French basket filled with sprays of fragrant peach blossoms. Places were arranged for about thirty these including Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Halliday, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Mr. William J. Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Cole, Mrs. Horace Wing, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thompson, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, Mrs. King of Dallas, Texas; Miss Hunter and Miss Edgar of Memphis, Tennessee; Mrs. Torrey and Mrs. Purdy of Honesdale, Pennsylvania; Miss Emily Wing, Mr. Meyer, Mr. Elbert Wing, Jr., Mrs. E. W. Halliday and Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing. Just at present Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Halliday are enjoying a fortnight's visit in Santa Monica as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gorham. In the latter part of March, accompanied by Mrs. E. W. Halliday they will leave for Washington, D. C., where they plan to pass April and May. They will be joined there by Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing and the party will then go to Osterville, Massachusetts, near Cape Cod, where they will pass the remainder of the summer at Mrs. E. W. Halliday's beautiful summer home there.

Patronesses for the second Morning Musical to be held at the Alexandria hotel Tuesday morning, March 14, in-

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clude many additional society folk of Los Angeles and Pasadena. The program will be presented by Mr. Henri La Bonte, tenor, and Miss Olga Steeb, pianist. Mr. Will Galloway will accompany Mr. La Bonte. The patronesses will be Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt, Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, Mrs. Frederick Stevens, Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Mrs. John Percival Jones, Mrs. William A. Brackenridge, Mrs. Rufus Spalding, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Lucien Napoleon Brunswick, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. Michael Regan, Mrs. James Henry Ballagh, Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, Mrs. John S. Cravens, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Jotham Bixby, Jr., Mrs. William Wiley Johnston, Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Mrs. Kate Vosburg Slauson, Mrs. Rea Smith, Mrs. Frederick W. Braun and Miss Victoria Witmer.

Mrs. Charles Nebeker, formerly Miss Virginia Walsh, who is making her home at the Palisades, Santa Monica, this winter, entertained Tuesday with a daintily appointed bridge luncheon. Spring blossoms were used in the decorations. Lavender and pink predominated in the scheme, forget-me-nots, rose lilies, fresas and daffodils intermingling. Places were arranged for Mrs. E. P. Morphy, Mrs. Leo Chandler,

Miss Dorothy Morphy, Mrs. Paul Grimm, Mrs. Stanley Smith, Mrs. Howard Dudley, Miss Katherine Mellus, Mrs. Walter M. Brunswig, Mrs. Harold Bayly, Mrs. Roy Bayly, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Jr., Miss Conchita Sepulveda and Mrs. Jefferson Chandler.

Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, accompanied by Miss Helen Jones, a close friend of her daughter, Mrs. Sayre Macneil, left this week for New York. They will meet Mrs. Edwin Jessup Marshall, Miss Delight Shafer and Miss Grace Constance Willis, a niece of Mrs. Marshall. The entire party plans to return to Los Angeles April 1, when preparations will be made for Miss Shafer's marriage to Mr. Marcus Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, date for which has been set for April 26.

One of the most charming of the several affairs given in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst and other members of her party who have been enjoying a pleasant sojourn at the Alexandria, was the beautifully appointed luncheon at which Mrs. John Percival Jones of West Adams street was hostess Tuesday. The guests of honor were Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Adele Brooks. Decorations were artistically carried out with an effective arrangement of Easter lilies and places were for Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig, Mrs. Weslev Clark, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. M. B. Salisbury, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. William A. Edwards, Mrs. Duncan Draper of Santa Barbara, Miss Marie Louise Bryant of San Francisco, Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor and the hostess.

Delightful in an informal way was the breakfast party given Sunday by Mrs. Joseph B. Lippincott at her home, 1256 West Adams street, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Waggoner, who has just returned from a sojourn in Chicago where she was the guest of the well known composer, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond. Other of Mrs. Lippincott's guests, several of whom are visitors here from other points, were Miss E. L. McLean of New York and Mrs. S. W. Moore of Kansas City, the latter a sister of Mrs. Lippincott who came west recently in the private car of Mr. James McLean; Miss Kathleen O'Brennan of Dublin, Ireland; Miss Alice Percival, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Henrietta Shaw, Miss Katherine Lockhart, Miss Lucy Baldwin and Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus. Miss Rose Lippincott, the talented daughter of Mrs. Lippincott is at present at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where she is being most delightfully chaperoned by Mrs. Ignatius Egan of San Francisco.

Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee has gone east where she will visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. John Hastings Howard at Fort Slocum, New York, where the young officer is stationed at present. It is likely that Mrs. Chaffee will remain the greater part of her time in the east from now on, since not only are Lieutenant and Mrs. Howard located on the Atlantic coast, but her son and his wife, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee are at West Point, where the former has recently been ordered for three years' service; and Captain and Mrs. G. F. Hamilton, the latter Mrs. Chaffee's older daughter, are leaving Los Angeles soon for Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. Mrs. Chaffee's sister, Mrs. Bernard Clark of Kansas City, is also in the east, having taken an apartment in New York City for the winter and spring. The latter is well known here where she has frequently visited and has made many friends. It is a matter of sincere regret among Mrs. Chaffee's old-time friends here that her many ties draw her eastward and from their midst for an indefinite time.

Dr. and Mrs. N. Simons of 1133 Berendo street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bessie Geller to Mr. Charles Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown of 1819 West Eleventh street. The announcement, which comes as a surprise to the many friends of the young couple, follows closely upon the marriage of the bride-elect's sister, Miss Katherine Simons to Mr. Leo S. Farrow, which took place January 23. A number of prenuptial courtesies are being planned in honor of the bride-to-be.

Mrs. O. F. Giffin of San Francisco has come to Los Angeles for a stay of indefinite length, and is at the Beverly Hills hotel. The primary reason of Mrs. Giffin's visit here at this time is the pending marriage of her charming young granddaughter, Miss Marjorie Tufts to Mr. Arthur Lusk Trowbridge of New York, prominent business and clubman

and the son of Mr. James Trowbridge, a well-known New York banker. The wedding, which will be one of the brilliant society events of the spring, will take place in April. Mr. Trowbridge is expected to arrive in Los Angeles about April 1.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alton who are now making their home at Manhattan Beach have announced the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Alton to Mr. Charles Mardel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mardel-Ferreira of London, England. The wedding will take place this summer. The interesting news was first told at a prettily appointed luncheon given at the Alton home Saturday last. Mustard blossoms and acacia were used in an artistic decoration of the rooms and at each place a tiny bluebird bore in its beak the announcement cards. Miss Alton, whose father has been an official in the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank for thirty years, is popular in the younger set of this city. Her fiancé, whose parents are intimate friends of the Altons here, is a descendant of a prominent Portuguese family of London, England. He is a young civil engineer and is located in Tacoma, Washington.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barker of Eighth avenue upon the arrival of a little daughter. Mrs. Barker will be remembered as Miss Nathalie Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Cole of Berkeley and formerly residents of Los Angeles. Mr. Barker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barker of 1689 West Adams street.

Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, who has been entertaining Mrs. Henry Phillip Williams of Detroit as her house guest, entertained recently with a daintily appointed luncheon. Guests of honor were Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Charles W. Kemmler, Jr., of Arrowchar Park, L. I., the latter formerly Miss Marguerite R. Drake being a guest here of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake. Mrs. Williams, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Gerhard Mennen of Newark, N. J., is en route to Honolulu. They were special guests also at an informal dinner given for them by Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney at the Athletic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Walsh of 135 North St. Andrews Place announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothea Ethel Walsh to Mr. Lewis Lealand Russell of San Francisco. The wedding will take place in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring, formerly of this city, but who are now making their home in San Francisco, have been enjoying a short visit here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimball Stearns of Beverly Hills.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Mathew Palen of Honolulu are visitors here, being guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bailey of 5510 Melrose avenue. Recently, the visitors were guests of honor at an informal dinner party given by Mr. Palen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Palen at their home, 334 Lyndon Way, Eagle Rock. Mr. Palen, who is a lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment, U. S. A., is here on a leave of absence and a number of delightful affairs are planned in their honor while in Los Angeles.

Pasadena society folk as well as many prominent Los Angelans are interested in the large cafe chantant to be given by Mrs. Madge Jamieson at the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, Tuesday evening, March 14. The affair, which includes a splendid program of vaudeville features and living pictures, will be in charge of the group of women who were patronesses of the big charity ball recently given in Pasadena, of which Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond was chairman. The proceeds from the cafe chantant will be given to the Children's Hospital in Pasadena.

Miss Olive Paulin, daughter of Mrs. F. C. Paulin of Brentwood Park, has chosen Thursday, March 9, as the date for her marriage to Mr. C. Winfield Hartranft of Phoenix, Arizona. The wedding will take place at the home of Mr. Murray Paulin, brother of the bride-elect in Brentwood Park.

Mrs. Charles Ruppertsberg of 1632 North Hobart boulevard was hostess Saturday at a prettily appointed luncheon at the Alexandria, followed by a box party at the Morosco. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Anna T. Robbins of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who is the guest of Mrs. W. P. Hoswell of West Seventh street. Others enjoying the occasion were Mrs. Hoswell, Mrs. Charles J.

George, Mrs. Ralph B. Hardacre, Mrs. Fred S. Langdon, Mrs. John E. Owen, Mrs. Robert J. Brown, Mrs. Cyrus Woodruff, Mrs. Hugo R. Krohn and Miss Mildred Woodruff.

Of special interest to society folk both of Los Angeles and Pasadena is the announcement made by Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson Staats of Grand avenue, Pasadena, of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Clara Watson to Mr. Robert G. Thomas of Los Angeles. The secret of the engagement was made known just prior to the brilliant Leap Year dinner-dance given at the Midwick Club Saturday evening last, at which the charming young bride-elect was one of the assisting hostesses. While no date has been decided upon for the wedding it is probable that it will be a brilliant event of the fall season. Miss Watson, whose family is one of the most prominent in the state, is exceedingly popular in the younger set of Los Angeles and the Crown City and she undoubtedly will be the recipient of many prenuptial courtesies in the next few months. Mr. Thomas is also popular socially and prominent in business circles.

Miss Eleanor Banning will be the guest of honor this evening at a dinner party at the Midwick Country Club given by Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor of Berkeley square. The affair will be one of the largest of the many delightful dinners given there in connection with the dance. Spring flowers will be used in the decoration of the tables and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's guests will number about fifty.

Charming visitors in Los Angeles just now are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilshire of Cincinnati who arrived Tuesday for a sojourn here of a month or so. They are guests of their cousin, Mrs. C. C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street, and a most delightful number of social courtesies are being planned in their honor. Wednesday evening the visitors were guests of honor at a family dinner party. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Carpenter entertained for Mrs. Wilshire with an attractively appointed tea. Spring flowers were used in a

(Continued on Page 12.)

Children's Photographs

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Books

IT will need a particularly strong poem, marked by wonderful refinement of phrase and consistency of high-reaching thought, to wean readers of poetry away from the old familiar channels of verse rhythm. Poetry is not merely impassioned speech, sounding stronger and shriller notes than ordinary prose; it shares with music the requirements of quantity and stress, of ordered recurrence, of bar and double bar. Without these essentials the composition belongs to the school of rhapsody, well-meant but disorderly and ill-digested emotional appeals. The writers who came nearest to rhapsody while satisfying the natural demand for ordered movement, were the Hebrew prophets and psalmists, who resorted to parallelism or well-balanced phrases, dual and triple. Mr. Colcord deals with the same subject matter as these old statesmen-philosopher-poets, who diagnosed the international condition of their day, the deadly wars and the rumors of war which made the nations rock and topple over. But his long-winded, sonorous clauses do not recall the melodious tones of these old masters, nor is there any trace of ordered parallelism in his dithyrambs. His hold on the fundamentals of civilization is not equal to theirs. For instance, it is difficult to know what he means by the words "God" and "truth." He never mentions God as one with whom, as responsible for our being, we must make atonement for offences. Indeed, he misuses the word "atonement" as if he did not know its content (p. 144):

"I have been trying to say that the fighting of wars is our atonement for the making of them in times of peace."

He has only scorn for the religion that has come to us from our fathers:

The main idea of all religion in the past has been authority;
This man has spoke with God—this is the creed you must believe;
This is the spiritual kingdom—this your passport—sign allegiance.

And hence the church, the institution, embodying the authority;
Becoming soon, itself, the kingdom and the main idea.

Consequently, he has no respect for national aspirations, the deep-seated responsibility of the citizen of the state, the glory of the flag that must be made to float for righteousness:

But know that England and the United States are only false ideas, (and false ideas are doomed to pass and go);
Know that the whole idea of nationality, motive of modern civilization, is a false idea—symbol of selfishness, its working power, machinery of gain,...

"Absolutely of no importance," whose loss will make no real difference to any one. To such extraordinary lengths does the author carry his dislike of authority that he cannot use idiomatically the verb of authority, "shall," and is at home only with its wicked little neighbor, "will." He informs us (page 125) that "Consciousness shall never be explained." Is this Mr. Colcord's fiat? or whose? And again (page 137) he misuses "shall" until he comes to the two closing lines:

I think that, in time, there shall appear a spiritual democracy;
I think that there shall be no further use for church or creed;
I think that every man shall have his vote in truth's election;
I think that every man shall be his own authority;
I think that every man shall speak with God.

What is this higher life I sing? what is this truth?—what is this spirit?
The life is service—the truth is labor—the spirit is love.

And what shall be the name of this new religion?
It shall be called the Religion of Sincerity.

The writer, urging the claims of human brotherhood against selfish individualism, clings to the old dangerous rationalistic dogma of the inherent dualism of man, mind against body:

Draw the line distinct and hard, between the body and soul
The body belongs to the state of nature—the soul, to the state of spirit.

Regarding the real dualist in lift, good against evil, God's will against the Devil's will, renunciation in the sense of surrendering our wills to God, he is mute. His impassioned sentences are

the glorification of a creedless altruism, which rejects authority, responsibility, citizenship, discipline, as they have come down to us in an orderly state, aided by a church whose basis and strength are a reasonable service of both body and soul. ("Vision of War." By Lincoln Colcord, New York. The Macmillan Company. Bullock's.)

Boy Scouts' Literature

One does not hear so much about the Boy Scouts now as formerly, but they are still in existence, and continue to make good embryo citizens. Comparatively few, perhaps, have ever investigated the organization enough to discover its aims and objects. It is, however, a fruitful source of good stories for youngsters. "Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol" details all the various things in which a boy must become proficient before he is eligible to membership in the order. Also, there are many things in which older persons might well emulate the youth. The objects of the organization are entirely for peace, and not for war. Here are a few things a boy must learn to be a second class scout: Swim fifty yards, signal with wigwag, give first aid, cook, read a map, use an ax, judge distances and size and number and height and weight within 25 per cent; describe ten trees and plants; prove he has followed the principles of the scout oath and law in his daily life, etc. Then, after he becomes a scout of the first class he has many other duties and obligations to perform. This story tells how a little unpromising looking boy, nicknamed "Bunny," became a scout, and soon, by hard work, leader of the patrol. He was the hero of a surprising number of adventures while in his apprenticeship. It is a clean, lively story for boys, and not at all "preachy." ("The Boy Scouts of Black Eagle Patrol." By Leslie W. Quirk. Little, Brown & Co. Bullock's.)

"Midsummer Magic"

This is a romance of the Cotswold hills, on England's west coast, a story of passions—love, jealousy, fear and hate. But it is also refreshing in its splendid descriptions of the hills and fields and scenery, and what plays so important a part in English song and story—the village inn. The quaint west coast dialect and the contented life within the narrow confines of a back country village add picturesqueness to the story. The characters are several of the quality and a large setting of the villagers and peasants. Jasper Barrow, half gypsy, but whose mother was of the gentry, inherits Sheepdene House, and comes to occupy it. Sophie, the innkeeper's pretty daughter, is smitten with him, and aspires to win him though she is not of his class; but still he flirts with her, and receives a pummeling from her lover. He is enamored of Julia Carden, the heroine, of "queenly beauty," for whom he is fated by the Midsummer Eve Magic, which is an incantation practiced by lovelorn maidens; or as Old Sol, the village gossip, states it, he "dabbled with devilry for a wife." But so many mysteries and misunderstandings arise between them, and there are heart-burnings and an amount of bloodshed, which require many chapters to explain. Before events flow in the proper channel. A side episode in the story is that of Matthew Beech, a neighbor, whose wife left him, but comes periodically to spy on him. He takes up with his buxom housekeeper, Sally Burdock. And one really comes to sympathize with Sally, as against the handsome and high-strung wife. ("Midsummer Magic." By Walter Bambylde. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's.)

Temple of Dawn

It is something of a relief in these days of problem and war novels to get hold of one which smacks of the style of two decades ago and treating of the somewhat neglected land of India. That is the locale of "The Temple of Dawn," by I. A. R. Wylie, who has several other tales of the same setting to his credit. In a way this one is reminiscent of the stories of Flora Anna Steele, and, by the way, one of the characters of the Temple of Dawn is named Anne Steele;



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LOS ANGELES

Social and Personal (Continued from Page Eleven)

dainty decoration of the home and the informal affair proved unusually delightful. Mrs. Carpenter was assisted by her mother, Mrs. George Wilshire and Mrs. Louis Miller, the latter now a resident of Cincinnati who is in Pasadena for the season. Several other courtesies are planned in compliment both to Mr. and Mrs. Wilshire. Mrs. Lynn Helm will entertain for Mrs. Wilshire later and Sunday the visitors are to be special guests at an informal party which Mrs. Carpenter is giving at the Craggs Country Club, about sixteen guests being invited to motor out to that picturesque spot for the day.

Mrs. Wesley Clark is planning to entertain in the early part of the week with a matinee reading. The affair which will be given at Hotel Darby will be followed by a buffet luncheon. About twenty guests have been invited for the occasion. Thursday evening of this week Mr. and Mrs. Clark presided at an informal dinner party, a half dozen or of their friends being invited in for the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goddard, visitors here from New York, who are sojourning at the Alexandria, were special guests at a small dinner given there recently by Mr. and Mrs. Meridith P. Synder.

One of the many delightful informal affairs with which society has been interspersing its larger events was the bridge-tea given yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Victor Shaw. The affair was at her home, 2700 Severance street, the rooms being tastefully decorated with fragrant spring flowers and greenery. About twenty guests were entertained in the afternoon.

Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray of 431 Kingsley Drive entertained a small party of friends Tuesday evening at the Orpheum, taking their guests later to the Alexandria for an after-theater supper. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Barrows and the host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Adams of 4265 Harvard boulevard have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth B. Adams to Paul John Donahue, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Donahue of Anaheim. The marriage will take place Monday at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson, in Pittsburg. Mr. Donahue was called east on business several weeks ago and he will be joined in Pittsburg by his fiancée who left this week for her sister's home. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Donahue will return to Pittsburg, where they will be at home after April 1.

Miss Angelita Phillips, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips, who are located for the present at the Beverly Hills hotel, was hostess recently at an informal dinner-dance, her guests including a group of young married folk. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips closed their home on Harvard boulevard temporarily and are sojourning at the Beverly Hills meanwhile.

Interesting news to a host of friends here is the announcement that Mrs. Marguerite Buckler Stevenson, recently a much-feted visitor here, has been engaged as prima donna soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company for the coming season. Mrs. Stevenson, who recently was a house guest of Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, and the recipient of many delightful courtesies, was a pupil of Jean de Reszke in Paris. She was singing at Marseilles when the war broke out, and she came to America and Los Angeles.

Harley Hamilton's hundreds of friends and musical associates will be glad of the news of his recovery from his recent operation. While necessarily slow in gathering strength, Mr. Hamilton in a few days will be able to continue his teaching at his residence, 1120 Arapahoe street.

Breezy Books for Boys

Give a boy's heroes the opportunities to disport themselves in the semi-wilderness in the manner that he would if he had a chance and you have won a juvenile reader, no matter what the literary or fictional merits of your tale may be. Paul G. Tomlinson knows this and he follows an often-tested and soundly approved method in producing the latest of his books for boys, "In Camp on Bass Island." Of course, there is a tale of mystery to add to the enjoyment of fishing, boating, swimming and the like and the scene is not too far removed from civilization to bring in races, in which the four classmates participate. There is, naturally, a storm. What book of camping tales would be complete without one? The story, doubtless, is of the sort that will appeal to boys in their teens and it seems a harmless enough tale, but to older readers there will be lacking those thrills they remember experiencing from that sort of literature which they used to read, "out behind the barn." And is its picture of life any more nearly true than were those moving narratives? Tomlinson's story seems as good a purchase for a puzzled parent to make as anything of its class, in fact, it is a bit above the average. ("In Camp on Bass Island." By Paul G. Tomlinson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Bullock's.)

"Pixie in the House"

Pixie liked to help the Little Mother pick up things which careless children had scattered about and in other ways assist in handling small folks and how he did it is told by Laura Roundtree Smith in "The Pixie in the House," a story calculated to interest other Jacks and Jills who are just learning to read or who prefer to be read to. Pixie is not the only person of mystery who figures in the book, Santa Claus likewise pays a visit to the house he has chosen to inhabit and adds to the general gaiety. Clara Powers Wilson helps to make Pixie real through her delightful drawings. It is a pleasing children's book. ("The Pixie in the House." By Laura Roundtree Smith. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

Breezy Story for Girls

"Winona of the Camp Fire" by Margaret Widdemer is a breezy, healthy girl's story of the experiences of a group of girls who form a chapter of the Camp Fire association. The book is cleverly and brightly written by one who understands girls and their requirements, and the appeal of the "back to nature" movement should be deeply impressed upon any girl who reads this interesting tale. It is a helpful and, at the same time, interesting volume. ("Winona of the Camp Fire." By Margaret Widdemer. J. B. Lippincott Co. Bullock's.)

In the World of Amateur Sports

GOLFERS who like excitement off the links, as well as on, apparently, are not to be denied the spectacle of a squabble resulting from the awarding of the Western Amateur Golf Association tournament to Del Monte and the acceptance of the offer of a free special train for the mid-western players to the California resort. The directorate of the Western Association has overruled the action of delegates to the association's annual meeting and the free train proposal has been rejected by the governing board. Six of the nine directors voted against the train, the other three favoring it. The majority of the six in voting expressed the opinion that the delegates to the annual meeting exceeded their authority when they accepted the transportation offer. The amateur rule regarding transportation should be observed or taken off the books, they declared. It is reported that a delicate hint was conveyed to Pacific coast association authorities that it might be good taste for them to withdraw the train offer, a thing which those on the inside declare will not be done. Many Californians feel that if the matter of the special train had been left entirely to the Western association all would have gone off smoothly, but it was the action of the United States Golf Association, the governing body of the sport in America, which took a determined stand against the free transportation and declared any player accepting it would be declared a professional, that caused the trouble. However, there seems to have been dissension in the home camp, since E. S. Armstrong, the California director of the Western association, voted against the offer, according to the poll given out by E. H. Blanchard, Jr., of Chicago, the secretary. Others opposing the measure were William J. Fay, Omaha; William F. Brooks, Minneapolis; George R. Birch, Cincinnati; Arthur B. Caldwell, Detroit, and Mr. Blanchard, the secretary. Those favoring it were C. C. Padelford, Chicago; George Boyd, St. Louis, Horace Smith, Louisville.

Invitation Golf at Santa Barbara

Santa Barbara held an invitation golf tournament this week, with two contests, an open event and an amateur tournament. John Burke of Chicago was the winner of the open tournament, with Jack Neville of San Francisco, having the best score among the amateurs competing. E. S. Armstrong of Midwick, Pacific coast champion, made a comparatively poor showing. The amateur rounds have not been completed at this writing.

Altadena Leads in Inter-Club Golf

Altadena, despite inexperience in golf team matches and disappointing showing in the scratch event, retains its proud place safely at the head of the handicap standings of the annual inter-club competition of the Southern California Golf Association. Its last match was with Redlands, last Saturday, in which the citrus belt team won the scratch, 4 to 1, but lost the handicap to Altadena, 3 to 2. Midwick defeated Annandale in scratch play, 3 to 2, but Annandale won the handicap, by the same score. Annandale likewise divided its match with San Gabriel last week, winning handicap, 3 to 2, and losing by the same figures at scratch. Badly battered Orange came back with a good showing against the Victoria club of Riverside, taking both scratch and handicap, 4 to 1. The standings of the teams follow:

Scratch				
Team	W.	L.	Pct.	
Los Angeles	3	0	1.000	
Midwick	5	0	1.000	
Redlands	6	2	.750	
Annandale	4	2	.667	
San Gabriel	4	3	.571	
Altadena	3	3	.500	
Point Loma	3	3	.500	
Coronado	3	4	.429	
Victoria	3	6	.333	
Virginia	1	4	.200	
Orange	2	10	.167	

Handicap				
Team	W.	L.	Pct.	
Altadena	5	1	.833	
Los Angeles	2	1	.667	
Annandale	4	2	.667	
Redlands	5	3	.625	
Virginia	3	2	.600	
San Gabriel	4	3	.571	
Victoria	4	5	.444	
Midwick	2	3	.400	
Point Loma	2	4	.333	
Coronado	2	5	.286	
Orange	3	9	.250	

Defining Amateur Limits

You can write about golf or you can design golf courses with perfect impunity, but do not sell a golf stick if

you would retain your standing as an amateur. Such is the interpretation which Frank L. Woodward, president of the United States Golf Association puts on the much mooted rule that an amateur cannot "engage in any business wherein one's usefulness or profits arise because of skill or prominence in the game of golf." Woodward says he chooses this way of outlining his attitude as the simplest possible, leaving it to those interested to determine by a process of elimination those other near-golfing occupations which the association head is too polite to mention specifically. Despite their exemption the golf authors are to be put on hard and fast rules also—they must actually write the articles to which their names are signed, not simply lend their fame for commercial profit.

Women's Championship Tournament

March 21 to 25, inclusive, are the dates set for the women's championship tournament of the Southern California Golf Association, play to be at Midwick Country Club. The qualifying round, March 21, will be for eighteen holes, first sixteen players to qualify. March 22 match play will be held, with mixed foursomes in the afternoon. March 23 the second round of the championships will be played, semi-finals will be held March 24 and finals the afternoon of March 25. All matches are handicap, excepting the championships. Two trophies are offered in each flight, and prizes are to be given, also, for low and handicap scores in qualifying round and mixed foursomes.

Magazines for the Month

In Harper's Magazine for March publication of Albert Bigelow Paine's European travel articles, dealing with the continent before the war, is continued. The title this month is "A Yankee in Switzerland." There is another installment of Basil King's new serial "The Side of the Angels." "Some Unpublished Papers of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning" constitute an interesting article. John Burroughs has an essay, "The Master Instinct," Joseph Pennell contributes a notable series of drawings under the general title "The Wonder of Work in the Northwest," and there is the usual excellent collection of stories and poems.

Edgar Lee Masters has a long contribution in the March number of Poetry in which he offers his original interpretation of the life and character of Jesus. A group of Arizona poems by John Gould Fletcher is another feature of the magazine for this month. Wilfred Wilson Gibson offers color notes in a series of sonnets from Africa. Three young Chicago poets make their first appearance in this number of Poetry. They are Miss Julia Cooley, Miss Caroline Dudley and John Pierre Roche.

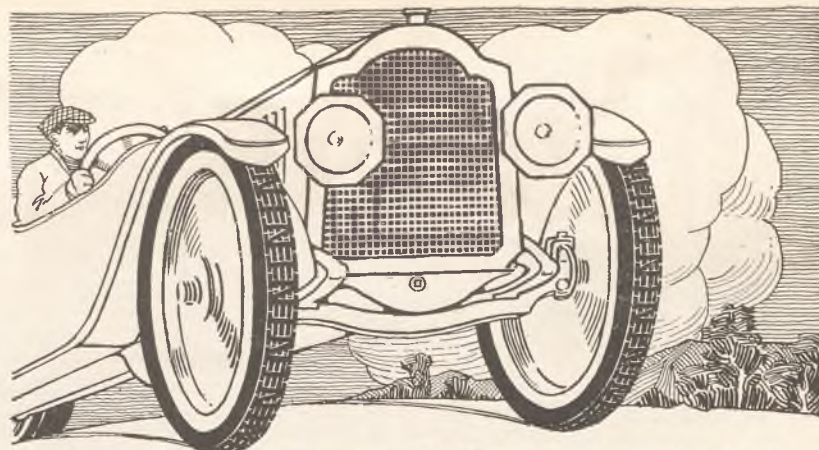
To this month's issue of Arts and Decoration Harold Donaldson Eberlein contributes an authoritative article on "The Present Revival of Spanish Furniture." The A. E. Gallatin collection of graphic art is described by Guy Pene Du Bois. "Colonial Wallpapers" are made the subject of an informal essay by B. Russell Herts, Samuel Howe writes of the American adaptation of the Italian villa as exemplified in the house of H. H. Rogers, and there is the first of a series of articles "Concerning Lithographs" by W. G. Blaikie Murdock, in addition to the regular interesting departments of the magazine.

Five Raemaeker cartoons, accompanied by a short article in which opinions are quoted which express the idea that the young Dutch cartoonist is the one genius of the arts so far uncovered by the war, are an interesting feature of the World's Work for March. Why our soldiers are in Nicaragua is told by Arthur R. Thompson. French Strother describes "Canada in War Time," and there are articles on the Department of Commerce, "Investments in Municipal Bonds, the pork barrel," "Six Per Cent Money for Farmers," "The New Head of Tuskegee," "New York, the Stupendous," "The Strategy of the Great War," "Why Not be Well?" and "Exporting After the War."

Notes From Bookland

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Reminiscences," published this fall by Houghton Mifflin Company is in its second printing.

Much discussion is being provoked over a peculiar situation in Mrs. Carter



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Harrison's new novel of California, "Clemencia's Crisis," published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The heroine, pledged to the convent in childhood and educated for the veil, is under a vow to give her life to the church. When her novitiate is nearly completed she is confronted with the fact that she loves and is loved. Marriage, however, as she sees it, means the loss of her soul, and she believes the issue to be between God and man. Mrs. Harrison, herself a Catholic, has handled this strong situation in a positive but reverent manner. Her viewpoint may not be that generally ascribed to the church, but the strength of her position cannot be questioned.

"Joffre Chaps and Some Others" is the happily chosen title of a new book by Pierre Mille, author of "Barnavaux." It is translated by Miss Berengere Drillien and Miss Helen McKie has drawn a characteristic picture for the jacket. We have already had numerous stories of the British soldier in the present war, but great though our interest is in the French soldiers we have so far had no glimpses of them in the trenches, written from within. Pierre Mille is already well known for his French soldier stories and no one could be better qualified than he to give us these intimate pictures.

Besides being a movie fan, baseball fan, racing fan, and one of the most successful newspapermen in the country, Charles E. Van Loan, author of the new fall novel, "Buck Parvin and the Movies," is a successful hunter and fisher-

man, who motors off from Los Angeles into the mountains for bass and bear, and comes back to Catalina for a turn at deep-sea fishing for tuna. Not only is he a successful hunter as a hunter, but there is a certain halo about his expeditions because of his companions. Among them recently have been Irvin Cobb and Robert H. Davis—the "Bob" Davis who makes all the Munsey magazines and writes such clever tales as "We Are French."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, simultaneously with the publication of her holiday book, "Dog Stars," has returned to England after a long stay in her native America. Besides her social duties, she will do a weekly letter, describing a woman's side of the war, for a syndicate of American newspapers.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Feb. 14, 1916.

Non-Coal 016805
Notice is hereby given that Richard H. Lyman, of Owensmouth, California, who, on November 6, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016805, for Lot 4, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m., on the 31st day of March, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: James E. MacIntyre, of Monrovia, Calif.; Harry Andrews, of Los Angeles, Calif.; John M. Elliott, of First Nat. Bk., Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank T. Dans, of Owensmouth, Calif.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
No withdrawals.



DESPITE the battle which is waging over the control of the Union Oil Company the stock of that concern has shown a stronger tone on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, advancing several points and at this writing ruling at \$68-68.50, nearly \$3 higher than on the Monday morning opening. Stockholders and brokers do not seem dismayed over the litigation which appears imminent in the affairs of the company, realizing that its great physical assets offset any financial disputes. Other oil stocks also were in better demand and fairly heavy trading resulted in all the leaders. Amalgamated was strong at \$81 bid, but Associated showed a little softening. Amalgamated has declared a monthly dividend of \$1 a share payable March 24, books closing March 16, and West Coast Oil Company will pay a dividend of \$1.50 a share March 15 to stock of record March 10.

In number of shares transferred the mining list, as usual, dominated the market, with the trading largely confined to the Oatman issues. Several new stocks were given their first call on the local exchange this week. Gold Dust, called for the first time Wednesday, opened at 16 cents but reached 17½ cents before the close of the session. United Northern, another new stock, was a consistent gainer, large blocks of stock going to new owners at prices from 15½ cents to 17½ cents. Boundary Cone and Lucky Boy kept right on advancing throughout the early part of the week, but Ivanhoe was weak. United Eastern ruled around \$4.15. Tom Reed and Big Jim were comparatively inactive.

Los Angeles Investment has been rather unsteady. At this writing it is at 67 cents, a slightly lower figure than prevailed earlier in the week. Home Telephone Common also fell away slightly, dropping to \$25.50, which quotation, however, is \$3 higher than prevailed for several months, down to within the last two weeks. Home Telephone securities, other than the common stock, remained strong. First mortgage bonds of the company were sellers at 95 and the bulling of the market on Home continued with the exception of the common stock. Bank stocks were in more frequent call but the only sale reported was of seven shares of Farmers and Merchants National at \$300 a share.

Banks and Bankers

February bank clearings in Los Angeles amounted to \$86,994,303, nearly \$12,000,000 more than for the same month of 1915. The clearings for the last day of the month were \$750,000 greater than for the corresponding day last year and practically every week of this year has shown an increase. For the year to date local bank clearings aggregate \$185,000,000.

F. G. McWilliam of the Security Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles has been frequently mentioned of late by western bankers as a fitting Pacific coast candidate for the presidency of the American Institute of Banking and it is likely that his name will be proposed at the next annual meeting. Mr. McWilliam formerly was secretary of the savings bank section of the institute and has been active in its affairs.

Reporting upon financial conditions at San Francisco the American National Bank of that city finds that the San Francisco banks now have \$52,000,000 more loanable funds on hand than they had two years ago. The reduced number of new enterprises constitutes the cause for the accumulation, according to the conclusions of the bank's latest financial letter.

As a measure of preparedness for protection of the abnormal gold supply on the United States at the end of the war the federal reserve board is investigating the practicability of opening agencies of the federal reserve banks in Europe. The American gold supply now exceeds \$2,000,000,000, a sum greater than ever before held by any two nations in the history of the world.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Standard Oil of California, in declaring a 50 per cent dividend, payment of

which has been approved by H. L. Carnahan, state commissioner of corporations, is cutting one of the largest melons in corporation history. The outstanding stock of the company is at present \$49,686,055, out of \$100,000,000 authorized, and it is quoted at about \$375 a share. The payment authorized calls for the splitting of \$25,000,000 as a stock dividend but as the market price increased 50 per cent, the actual value of the melon, in round figures, is \$62,500,000.

J. P. Morgan & Co. has sold to the United States Steel Corporation \$22,800,000 of the latter's own first mortgage 5 per cent bonds, the transaction negotiated for the account of the British treasury. The bonds purchased, or most of them, originally formed the bulk of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions in Scotland. At the last annual meeting of the corporation E. H. Gary, chairman of the board, announced it had \$100,000,000 cash in the treasury and it was part of this money which was used to buy the bonds, which are to be retired. This amount reduces the original \$304,000,000 of the issue to \$235,000,000 still outstanding. More than \$300,000,000 of the bonds went to Andrew Carnegie in payment for his Carnegie Steel Company stock.

Eastman Kodak Company has declared the regular quarterly dividends of 1½ per cent on the preferred stock and 2½ per cent on the common, together with an extra dividend of 2½ per cent on the common, all dividends payable April 1 to stock of record March 4.

Union Tank Line Company has announced its usual semi-annual dividend of \$2.50 a share, payable March 25, books to close March 3.

Dividend of 2½ per cent has been declared on Grand Trunk 4 per cent guaranteed stock. Dividend of 1½ per cent was declared October 9, 1915.

Standard Oil Company of Ohio has declared its regular quarterly dividend of \$3 a share and its usual extra dividend of \$3, both payable April 1.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Annual Fashion Show held.
Sixteen alleged automobile bandits captured.
Chief of Police asks increase of 300 officers in size of force.
Preliminary plans for Los Angeles county sewer system reported by engineers.
Quarter of million dollars subscribed toward Symphony hall.
Convention of National Laymen's Missionary Movement held here.

California

Los Angeles county and Rindge estate employes clash over opening of Malibu road.
Pasadena school board wants military training for pupils.
Democratic state central committee names delegates to national convention.
Lieut.-Gov. John M. Eshleman dies suddenly at Indio.

United States

President Wilson demands vote of confidence from congress on administration's foreign policy.
Congress debates preparedness plans.
Senate ratifies Haitian treaty.
John Grant Lyman, noted swindler, returned to New York for trial.

Foreign

French claim great German drive against Verdun has been halted.
Germany puts new submarine policy of not warning armed merchantment into effect.
Russians continue victorious over Turks.
Felix Diaz reaches Mexico and starts new revolution.
Germany sends ultimatum to Portugal regarding confiscation of Teutonic ships.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Notice is hereby given that by and in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 12th day of January, 1916, a meeting of the stockholders has been called for and will be held at the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, second floor, Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of April, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), divided into Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), divided into Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

INCREASE in membership of the Los Angeles Fire Underwriters Association from 50 to 60 since the last membership list was published, January 1, is announced by George T. Atchley, manager of the association, in the March 1 list, just sent out to members. No March meeting of the association has yet been called and no date will be set until the governing committee holds its next regular meeting, March 13. The association did not hold a monthly dinner in January or February for the reason that the underwriters were too busy with first of the year business to allow time for social diversions.

W. K. Murphy, general agent for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company for Southern California, with headquarters in this city, entertained thirty-five members of his agency last Saturday at a luncheon in honor of George E. Copeland, assistant superintendent of agencies of the Northwestern, who spoke on "Agency Organization and Development."

President Warren R. Porter and Vice-president H. J. Saunders of the Western States Life of San Francisco, were guests at an agency banquet given this week by B. F. Bernstein, local manager for the company. The president and vice-president are making a swing around the circuit of the western general agencies, visiting Portland, Boise, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and Fresno.

R. L. and E. M. Ware have added the Nationale Fire Insurance Company of Paris to the list of companies which they represent. Another fire insurance agency change is that by which Walter J. Wrenn Company surrenders the Franklin of Pennsylvania to Brown and Doolittle, who in the past have confined their business to brokerage.

In the absence of Manager John Newton Russell, Jr., the agency force of the Home Office General Agency of the Pacific Mutual is holding a "loyalty" contest, in an effort to surprise its chief with the record of business written while he is in the east. The contest extends from February 1 to March 15. The forces have been divided into the "Zeppelins" and the "Submarines," which are in exceedingly lively competition for the lead.

W. M. Klinger of San Francisco, general California agent for the automobile department of the London & Lancashire, was a Los Angeles visitor this week. Mr. Klinger was on his way home from an extended visit to New York and other eastern cities.

Union Liability Company of Chicago has re-insured its business in the Pacific Mutual Life. The deal for the re-insurance was closed by D. M. Baker of the Pacific Mutual Life in Chicago a few days ago.

the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated this 12th day of January, 1916.
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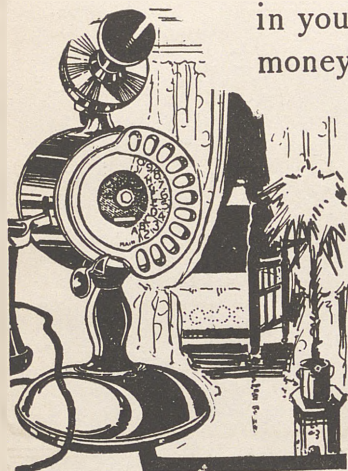
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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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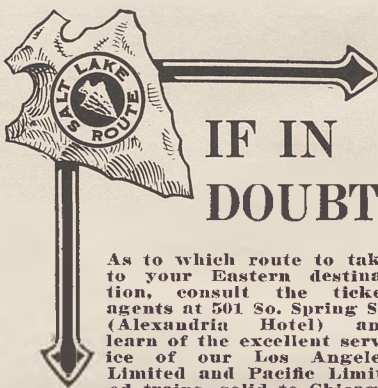
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Inauguration Month

is the good name for the First Month of the New Year of Bullock's, measured from the First Business day of this Organization—which day was March 4, 1907—

So that March 4—1916—Saturday—will be the first day of Bullock's 9th Inauguration Month—a month that has within it much of sentiment—and more of Service—a Month extremely interesting from the standpoint of New Spring Merchandise that emphasizes particularly style, character and the Important "Difference" of Bullock's—

A Month for which preparations of magnitude have been made—

An Uncommon Month dedicated to the Forward look—and Inspiration—

It will be worth while to know Bullock's well this March-time—this Inauguration Month of the Store's 10th year—

Bullock's
Los Angeles